

WRONG PEOPLE CRASHING PICTURES!

(See Page 24)

Silver Screen★

July

10¢
IN CANADA
15 CENTS



Ginger Rogers

JOHN
FOLSTON
ARTIST

"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"



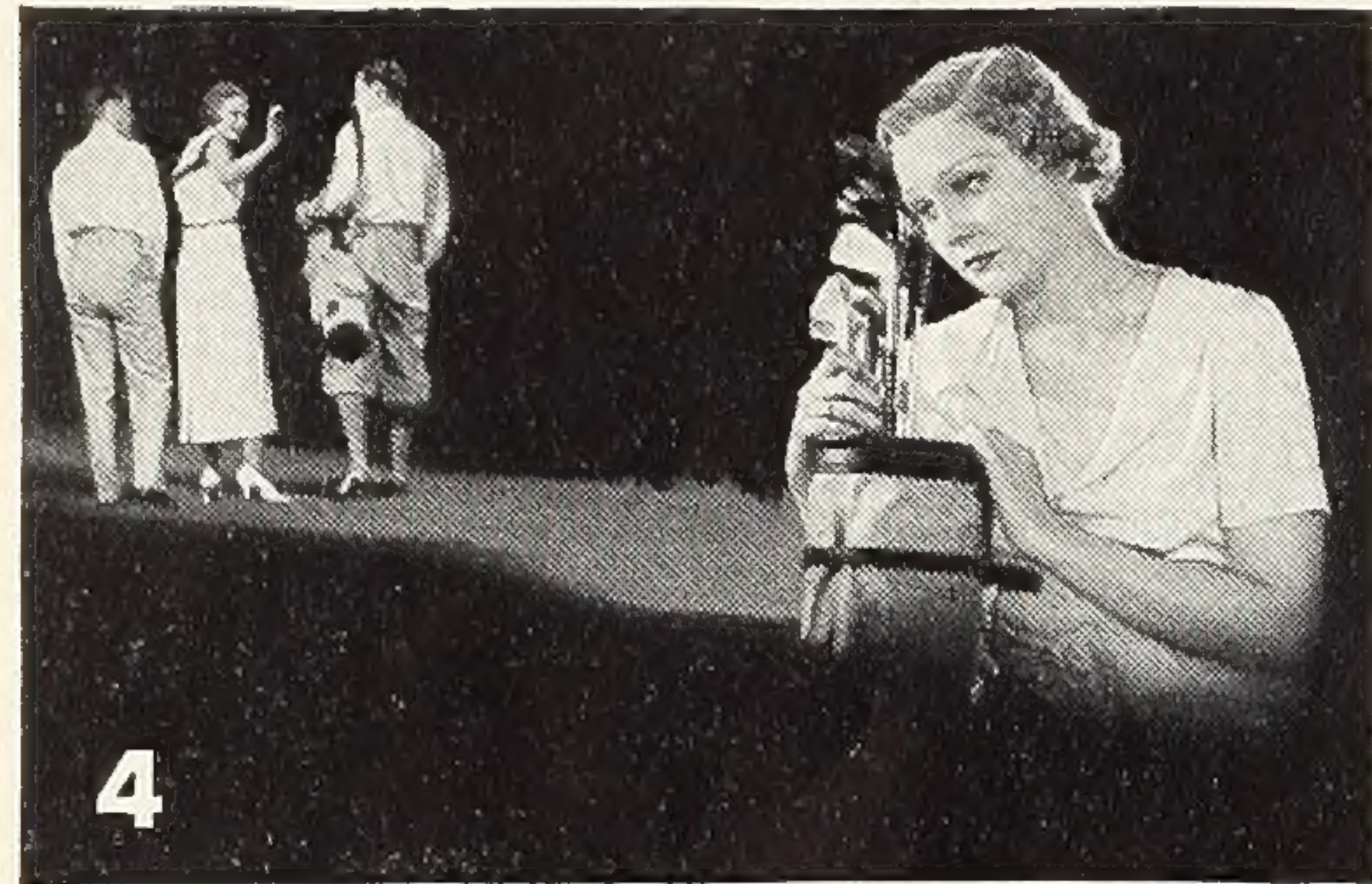
1
"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."



2
"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."



3
"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."



4
"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."



5
"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."



6
"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."



7
"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."



8
"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder...'"



9
"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"



10
"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"



11
"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."



12
"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

"Don't Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [Bad Breath]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other — without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused,

says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse

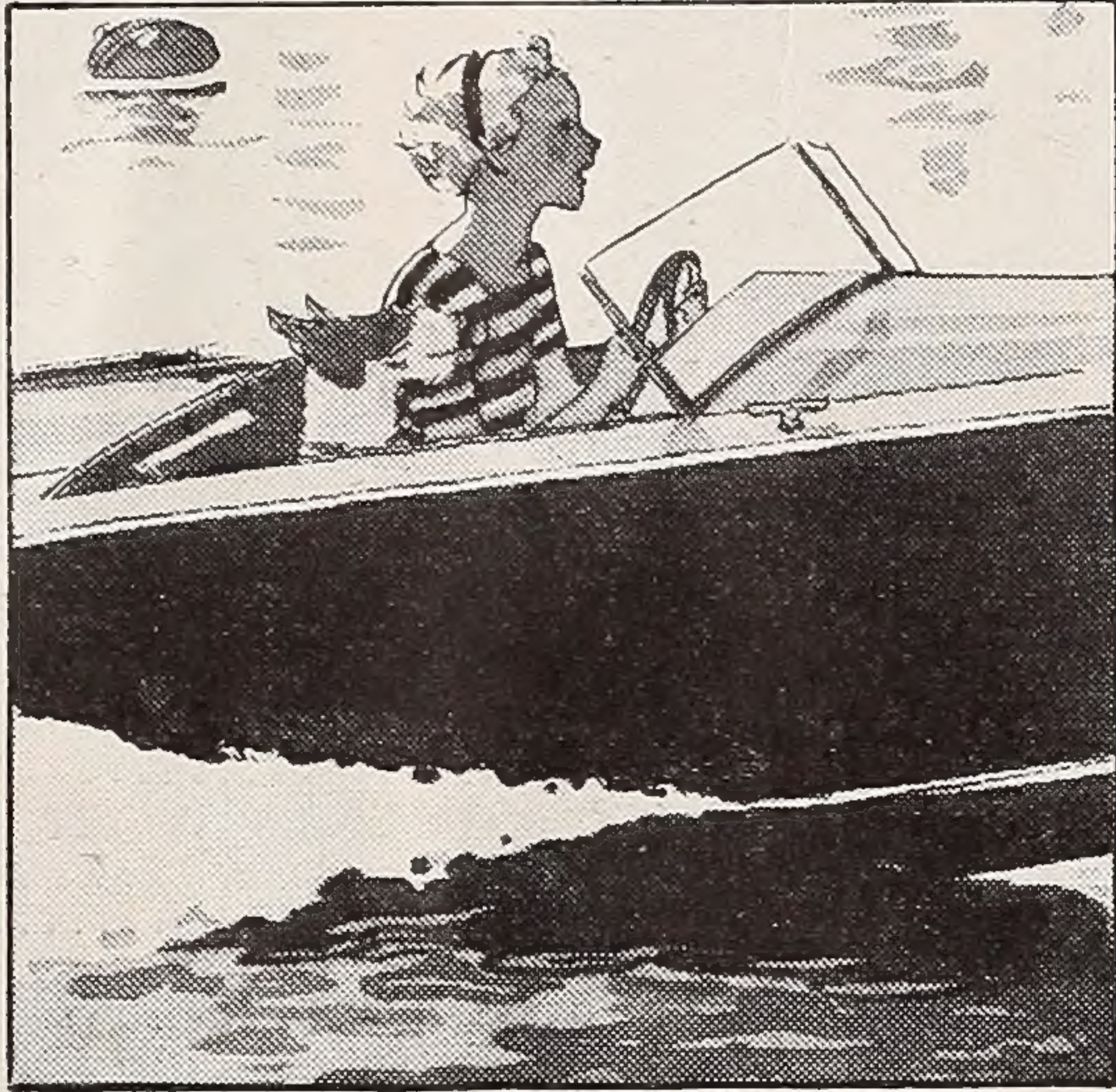
the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Isn't It A Shame!

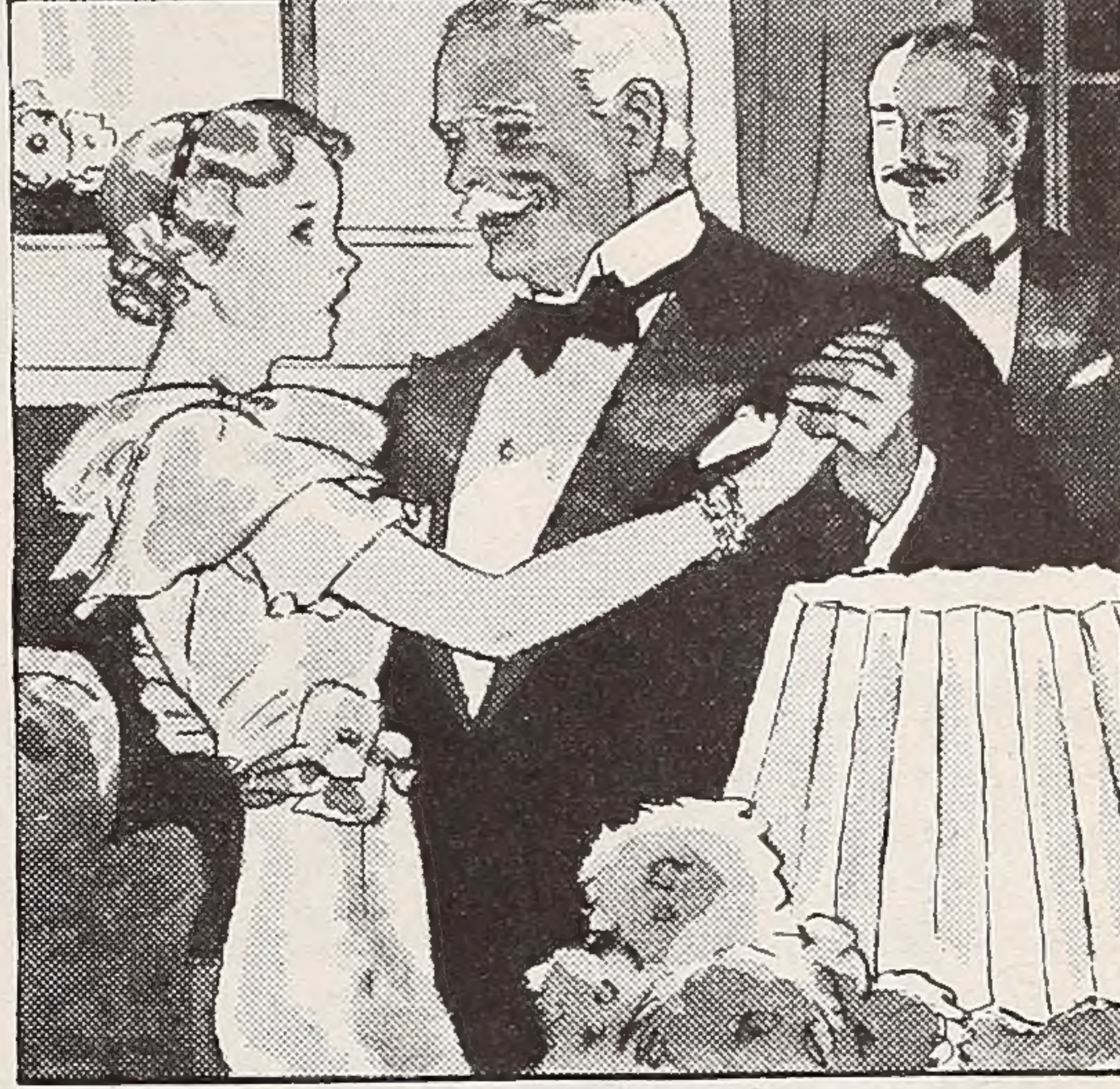
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth!



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Older men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN for JULY 1934



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

The OPENING CHORUS



Acme

Marlene Dietrich starts a new style at the opening of a new picture.

MARLENE DIETRICH appeared at the preview of her latest picture, "The Scarlet Empress," in a divided skirt ensemble, in a most amiable mood, and in Joe Von Sternberg's car. The divided skirt ensemble—which is what comes of mating pants and dresses—will very likely become the rage of the season.

WORRIES you have, doubtless, but consider yourself fortunate not to have this one. There's a guy from the Chinese Theater in Hollywood (where they have those gala openings, you know) who has been chasing Garbo with a block of wet cement for weeks now—but still hasn't managed to get her to patter across it. Sid Grauman of the Chinese is eager to have Garbo be the first star of 1934 to add her footprints to the famous collection he has in the forecourt of his theater. Greta is the second celebrity to have the wet cement brought to her. The first was the shy Charles Lindbergh. It didn't work so well with him—and from the looks of things it isn't going to work much better with La Swede. Maybe she's just sensitive about those feet.

JOHNNY DINMORE has it all figured out and has presented us with the best definition of a stand-in to date. Last month Johnny was only a kid in the neighborhood who played ball with Jackie Cooper nearly every afternoon. When Jackie had to go to Catalina Island on location with the "Treasure Island" company, he asked to have Johnny go along, and Director Victor Fleming thought it a good idea to have Johnny go as Jackie's "stand-in." The first day on his new job Johnny stood listening patiently while an assistant director outlined all he had to do to save Jackie as much weariness under the lights as possible. After the lengthy recitation he turned to Jackie and said, "I get it, kid, I sweat while you sit."

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

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VOLUME FOUR
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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western EditorFRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS

BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

**SWEEPING ACROSS THE SCREENS
OF THE NATION!**

VIVA VILLA!

**AT POPULAR
PRICES**
Direct from its
\$2 Broadway
Engagement!



10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

Starring WALLACE BEERY

with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER





IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS REVIEWS

Pert Kelton's new bathing suit has a little up there, some down here, and nothing between the two but lunch.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—Fair. (Fox) The war separates Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams—but years later they meet again and the sparks of their romance flair into flames once more.

BEYOND BENGAL—Interesting. (Showmen) We're in the jungles of Malay once more—with pythons and crocodiles and monkeys for companionship. Also a tiger or two. This has its thrilling as well as its harrowing moments.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Charming. (MGM) A tuneful operetta with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro singing and starling together picturesquely. And, just to bring us to earth, Frank Morgan's here, too!

CITY LIMITS—Fair (Monogram) The nimble-witted reporter-man again outwits big business interests in order to get his story. This version of that well-known plot has amusing moments. (Frank Craven, Ray Walker, Sally Blane).

COME ON MARINES—Amusing. (Par) A racy peace-time comedy, with the marine base as a target for laughs. Dick Arlen as a light-hearted sergeant who mixes with trouble-makers like Ida Lupino and Grace Bradley.

CRIME DOCTOR, THE—Fine (RKO) Otto Kruger as the intellectual detective whose jealousy of his wife (Karen Morley) leads him to perfect an ingenious crime. (Nils Asther, Judith Wood).

FIGHTING RANGER, THE—Good (Col) The title gives this Western away—no use to tell you the plot. Suffice it to say that Buck Jones rides to Victory in the finale. Boys under twelve eat this heroic stuff up.

FINISHING SCHOOL—Fine (RKO) A rather bitter commentary on the private school systems in this country—a kind of American "Maedchen in Uniform." (Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot).

GLAMOUR—Good (U) The story of an actress—Constance Cummings—who runs the gamut of emotions in her own hectic life. (Paul Lukas, Philip Reed).

GOODBYE LOVE—Fair (RKO) That ole devil "alimony" is dragged right out in the open in this and tries hard to be amusing. Chas. Ruggles, Sidney Blackmer, Veree Teasdale).

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—Superb. (UA) The most colorful family in financial history brought to the screen in a vivid, engrossing romance. Fine cast includes George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young.

I HATE WOMEN—Fair (Goldsmith) Another newspaper yarn, fairly exciting, and with the title tying up with the plot for a brief moment. (Wallace Ford, June Clyde, Alexander Carr.)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Good (U) Lee Tracy with us again as the peppy newspaper reporter assigned to a mythical kingdom, from which he carries off the beautiful princess—Gloria Stuart.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Interesting (WB) Ruth Chatterton exhibits a pretty guilty conscience in this pathological story which is patterned after the style of French films. Adolphe Menjou plays opposite her.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Fair (UA) Spencer Tracy & Jack Oakie, as telephone line fixers, get all tangled up in a web of melodramatic happenings. A bit "rough" at times. (Constance Cummings, Arline Judge).

MELODY IN SPRING—Good (Par) Lanny Ross sings divinely in this. The story is just fair, but you mustn't miss the comic antics of Mary Boland & Chas. Ruggles. Ann Sothorn proves to be a charming eye-full.

MODERN HERO, A—Fair. (WB) Louis Bromfield wrote this story of a circus performer (Dick Barthelmess) who becomes one of America's most powerful financiers, leaving much wreckage on the road behind him. (Veree Teasdale).

MEN IN WHITE—Fine. (MGM) Our earnest young doctor has difficulty choosing between love and a career. See which conquers! Beautiful production, with Clark Gable, Eliz. Allen, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt.

NO GREATER GLORY—(Col) An unusual film, portraying a conflict between two rival gangs of boys. Molnar wrote this stirring drama told with such utter simplicity. (Frankie Darrow, Jimmie Butler, Lois Wilson.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Good (Fox) A story woven out of some of the more effective incidents in the life of Arnold Rothstein—the famous gambler and gangster. (Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye).

HAPPY ANDY—Excellent (Fox) Will Rogers in one of his best! In this he has to retire from business to please his flighty wife, Peggy Wood, and the result is an hilarious round of exciting incidents.

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Fair (B-G) An English film which tries to kid Hollywood methods—but does not succeed in being funny in spite of the combined efforts of our own Jimmy Gleason & Charlotte Greenwood.

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Fair (Col) Stu Erwin has his in-laws imposing upon his hospitality until he finally screws up courage to say the "party's over!" (Jean Muir, Ann Sothorn, Cath. Doucet).

PRINCE OF WALES—Good (B-G) A series of news-reel shots of the Prince, slung together in fair style, with a commentator explaining the various episodes. The Prince is even gracious enough to fall off a horse for our benefit.

RIPTIDE—Fair. (MGM) Norma Shearer as the American society girl who marries an English Lord (Herb. Marshall), but when echoes of her pale pink past are heard, via Bob Montgomery, trouble begins to brew.

SLEEPERS EAST—Fine (Fox) A tight political web catches the unwary blonde head of Wynne Gibson, and she has a tough time to extricate herself. (Mona Barrie, Preston Foster, Harvey Stephens).

SORREL AND SON—Fine. (UA) An English-made version of the famous novel done once in silent days. H. B. Warner has the lead.

STAND UP AND CHEER—Fine (Fox) Hurray! The Depression is over! If you're a doubter see this and be convinced! Good songs, good fun, good cast—including Madge Evans, Warner Baxter, John Boles.

STINGAREE—Fine (RKO) Australia is the locale—Time 1874. With Richard Dix playing a romantic bandit, and Irene Dunne a world-famous opera singer. Mary Boland & Conway Tearle in splendid cast.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—Fine (RKO) The rather pitiless story of a youth who forges his way ahead in the field of Big Business in spite of all handicaps. Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., Colleen Moore, Gen. Tobin, Frank Morgan.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE—Excellent (MGM) This follows up the original Tarzan thriller. There's not a dull moment and if you enjoy the adventure type of fiction, don't miss it. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller.)

THREE ON A HONEYMOON—Good (Fox) There are the original 57 varieties of excitement in this audacious plot—with Sally Eilers as a love-lorn lass who runs across ZaSu Pitts & Henrietta Crossman on a world cruise.

TRUMPET BLOWS, THE—Fair (PAR) George Raft plays a bull-fighter in this—but we like him better as an adagio dancer. He seems more at home in that role. (Adolphe Menjou, Frances Drake, Sidney Toler).

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS—Fine (WB) An extremely merry film with a broadcasting station as a background and with songs "that are not dragged in." (Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien).

TWO ALONE—Fair (RKO) Life certainly can be tough on a farm—especially for the poor little drudge from the orphanage—Jean Parker. Oh me, oh my, does she suffer! But Tom Brown comes to her aid.

UNCERTAIN LADY—Fair (U) The old triangle love plot adds a character for good measure here, but by that time the film goes slightly dull. (Genevieve Tobin, Paul Cavanaugh, Edward Ev. Horton, Renee Gadd).

UPPERWORLD—Fair (WB) Mary Astor's yen for high society drives Hubby Warren Williams into the fair arms of Ginger Rogers. Follows a murder—but you'll have to see the film to learn who "bumps off" whom.

VIVA VILLA—Fine (MGM) Wally Beery in an impressive film woven around exciting incidents in the life of Mexico's most colorful bandit. (Henry B. Walthall & Rudolph Schildkraut.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Fair (Par) Bing Crosby as the sailor lad who "takes charge of the situation" after Carole Lombard's yacht gets wrecked off a South Sea Island. Of course there's music—and Burns & Allen, too!

WHARF ANGEL—Fair (Par) The San Francisco water front is the locale of this story, which is strong on atmosphere but short on plot. Cast includes Preston Foster, Victor McLaglen, Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth.

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Fair (Liberty) Now we have the saga of a large apartment house, but the story is just so-so. In cast such names as Lucien Littlefield, Dick Cromwell, Arline Judge, Sarah Padden.

WHIRLPOOL, THE—Good (Col) Virile Jack Holt is the hero of this melodrama which covers a good many of the vices as well as a few of the virtues of life. (Lila Lee, Jean Arthur, Allen Jenkins).

WILD CARGO—Splendid (RKO) Here's another Frank Buck adventure story, filled with thrills and chills. Do you remember "Bring 'Em Back Alive?" Well, this is equally as fascinating.

WILD GOLD—Just so-so (Fox) This has a 1934 Gold Rush for its theme—with a new mining town in the West developed as a result. (John Boles, Claire Trevor.)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Excellent (Par) Taken from a famous play, this film dealing with hypnotic magnetism cannot help but capture your interest. (Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Judith Allen.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Good (Par) All lovers of W. C. Fields' nutty antics will like this—even some of us who don't! Fields is aided & abetted by Larry Crabbe, Joan Marsh, and Adrienne Ames.

MAE WEST



"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, and \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Over her left shoulder, Janet Gaynor looks for the new moon.

"You're Telling Me?"

If You Think the Movies Are Not Getting Anywhere—Put in Your Oar.

First Prize

MRS. S. A. SINGER of Grand Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Certainly their accent is a big factor in the charm of the English screen actors, but they have a certain intangible something which sets them further apart from the Americans. And please, let's leave them with their quality of mystery and not try to analyze it into its component parts. In this country, where we have never had a royal family to look up to, where religion is devoid of awesomeness, we have to turn to Hollywood and especially to the English for some glamour in our lives.

Dear Mrs. Singer, analysis does not change a quality. You're as touchy as Norman Anthony, Editor of "Ballyhoo," who never dares analyze humor for fear that then it will become un-funny.

Second Prize

"DARLING, please, please do something about the stars and their 'operations.' They mustn't be like us ordinary mortals. After one of my gorgeous favorites has her appendix removed for the third or fourth time, I'm fed up with her for all time. Why not have a 'no break-downs or operation week?' Remember, I thought of it first, not Winchell," writes Georgia Smith, of Park Blvd., Oakland, Calif.

Sweetheart, we can deny you nothing. Next week is "Cut Out the Operation Week."

Third Prize

"FIRST of all," writes Margaret A. Connell, of Prospect Road, Des Moines, Iowa, "I just have to say something about Kay Johnson. I always liked her well enough when she was in movies before, but never to the point of raving. When 'Eight Girls in a Boat' was shown, I started rubbing my eyes, and this afternoon I saw 'This Man Is Mine,' in which she played with Irene Dunn, Ralph Bellamy and Constance Cummings. Why, the lady walked off with the show. She was swell! I have never sat in a more appreciative audience. Secondly, an orchid to that wonderful actor, Sir Guy Standing. I wish you'd publish an interview with him sometime. I have read very little about him except that he came by his title honestly.

"If Anna Sten hadn't been so marvelous I think Mae Clarke would have stolen 'Nana.' I was amazed because I had never cared for Mae.

"Why doesn't someone give Edgar Kennedy a good ducking? I think he's terrible. Also our fat friend, Oliver Hardy. I think Laurel is funny, but Hardy drives me frantic."

You're a real fan. Sorry, can't duck Kennedy—he always makes us laugh.



Wide World

Crawford, Mae West, Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow are the four on whom opinion differs most. They either love them or hate them," writes Dorothy

Griffin, of Tehachapi, Calif. "On the other hand, nearly always, a picture of Norma Shearer is greeted with 'Isn't she sweet?' 'Isn't she pretty?' 'Isn't she a swell actress?' Why is this? What is it about Norma Shearer that makes them love her just at one glance?"

Perhaps it's the pure loveliness of her face.

MOZELLE THOMAS, of Greenville, Ala., writes "I'm a Hepburn fan, and I want to say that she is the greatest, most perfect actress of this age. One reason I admire her so is because she is *not* pretty. I'm fed up on those 'beautiful young things'—most of them are not really actresses. But this Hepburn girl is really an actress. I'm for you, Hepburn."

Good idea for an article—"Does Beauty Thwart Great Expressiveness." You write it.

"'MANHATTAN LOVE SONG' has, for movie purposes, become 'Change of Heart.' Why? The first title suggests the story; the second absolutely lacks significance," writes Mrs. Geo. A. Ashworth, of West 9th Street, Mount Vernon, Ind. "This title changing fever is particularly disastrous in the case of books that have been popular under one name, but emerge from the studios with another. Many admirers fail to recognize them, and thus miss the picturization. What's the idea, anyway?

It is the great unfathomable mystery of the movies. We can answer any question but that one.

"'LITTLE WOMEN' and 'Alice' went over big. Why not do some more old-timers? Producers must be wondering what to do with Charlotte Henry. The answer might be 'Elsie Dinsmore,'" writes Helen Rhodes, of Cambridge Blvd., Grand Rapids, Mich. "Elsie was dear to the hearts of little girls a generation ago, in spite of her impossible goodness. If it were played 'straight,' with Charlotte Henry's long hair and precise speech, it ought to be elegant entertainment for old and young. As to its present popularity, a Chicago department store reports that the sales of the 'Elsie' books go on and on unceasingly through the years."

Help!

"THREE cheers for Mae West, who has made women realize that being a woman ain't no sin," writes Doyne Rico, of South 25th Street, Terre Haute, Ind. "Mae has brought back the full-fleshed woman and the fully clothed. If this sets a style, she will put the fabric makers right back in the middle of prosperity. So, in bringing back femininity to her sex, Mae has been a benefactress to womanhood."

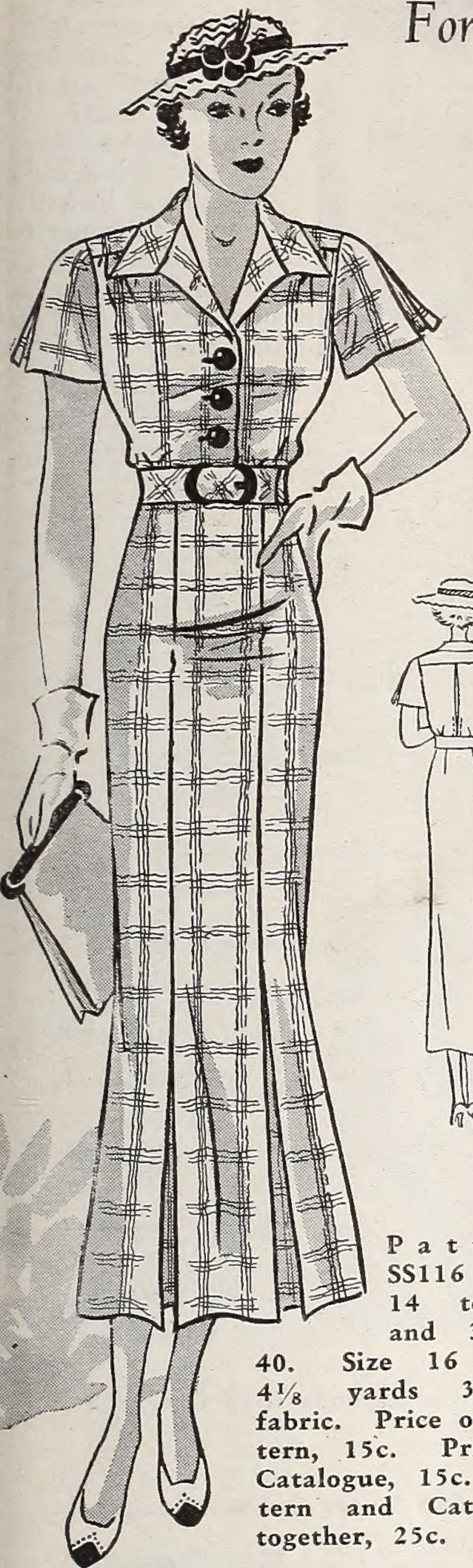
How much do you weigh?

"I SHOW the magazine to different people and hear the different reactions. Joan

GINGER ROGERS

and her FASCINATING DRESS

You Can Have One Like It. Just Send
For the Pattern.



Pattern
SS116 Sizes
14 to 20
and 32 to
40. Size 16 takes
4 1/8 yards 36-inch
fabric. Price of Pat-
tern, 15c. Price of
Catalogue, 15c. Pat-
tern and Catalogue
together, 25c.

Send for a Ginger Rogers' Dress Pattern

Note the simplicity of the well-cut collar, and the nifty way the blouse buttons down the front! And then have a glance at the back view. Do you like that little yoke and the inverted pleat? You do! We thought you were that kind of a person. That's the reason we had that perfect little skirt made for you—so that you could tuck your heartbreaking little blouse into it, and go forth to conquer. If you like, the blouse can also be worn with your Spring suit.

WHEN a casting director wants a girl who sort of personifies youth and pep and that old *joie de vivre*, he immediately sends for Mrs. Leila Rogers' little girl, Ginger. Of course he doesn't always get Ginger on account of six other casting directors had the same idea (and may we sarcastically say, the same picture?) and, after all, Ginger has to rest sometimes even if she has got more vim and vigor and healthy vitality than a kindergarten of kiddies. Right now she is having a six weeks' vacation—the first in a long, long time—and what do you think she is doing? School-girl like, she has taken a great interest in drawing lately, and instead of rushing off to Paris or London on a grand spree like so many of the other movie people, she's staying right at home taking a lesson every morning and doing awfully cute things in black and white.

Of course they do say that Lew Ayres is another reason why Ginger stays in Hollywood instead of loping about the country—and rumor has it that she and Lew may fly to Yuma just any time. Nearly every Sunday finds Ginger and Lew smacking balls at each other on Lew's tennis court, followed by a dip in the pool, and then in the late afternoon ping pong. Usually a lot of the younger set in Hollywood gather at Lew's of a Sunday, but there are very few of them who can beat Ginger at tennis—and practically none who can beat her at ping pong, for at that sport she is in the vicinity of being a professional.

After the release of "Flying Down to Rio" (which picture, I have been reliably informed by those who make a study of such things, is making more money for dear old RKO than "Little Women") the studio started receiving thousands of letters requesting, begging—yep, demanding no less—that Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire be teamed in another picture immediately. Fred had a date with the London stage, so it couldn't be done immediately, but now he is back in Hollywood and, just as soon as Ginger's had her vacation, production will start on "The Gay Divorcee," teaming Rogers and Astaire in some of the most exciting dances and delicious comedy and songs you've ever listened to. And, after that, RKO plans to put Ginger and Fred in "Radio Revels," that famous radio colossal production which will have Radio City in New York for its locale. So it looks like you'll be seeing Ginger.

Ginger lives in a quiet little house in the Hollywood hills. She has scads of boy friends who always want to clutter up the place—but when Ginger works she works and goes to bed early. She has the most beautiful shade of reddish gold hair, fair skin and blue eyes—and if you're interested in the proportions of her well-nigh perfect figure you can find them in the June SILVER SCREEN.



The two-piece dress that Ginger Rogers wears on the cover of this issue of Silver Screen is made in a plaid gingham. This dress is also adapted to the plain, figured or crossbarred linens, muslins, silks and even sheer woollens.

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You Will Enjoy
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Ginger Dress.

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SILVER SCREEN, Pattern Dept.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed send to

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Street Address

City State

Pattern of Ginger Rogers' dress

(SS116) Size

Fashion Book? Yes or No

FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT

The Best Fan Letters Received Are Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

THERE is pleasure in having your letter printed in a magazine and there is fun in having a big star write to you—to say nothing of the \$10 paid for each letter printed. Send your letters to your favorite stars in care of SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Department. Be sure to ask an interesting question. Then all these pleasures will be yours—maybe.

The Fan Letter to Constance Bennett

Miss Constance Bennett,
% SILVER SCREEN.

Dear Miss Bennett:—

I want to compliment you upon your marvelous acting in "Moulin Rouge," also upon the discovery of your new talents, singing and dancing. I heard you sing once in a talkie at the time they first came out. I've often wondered why you didn't sing in another picture.



Constance Bennett

I am a senior in high school, and you stand ace high with all of us girls. We flock to the theater to see your pictures, copy your hairdress and would fight anyone who claimed there was a better actress on the screen today.

Best wishes for a successful season, and lots of those high calibre pictures. What is the next one going to be?

One of your many fans,

Sophie Lakas, Rochester, N. Y.

Nine hundred and three North Rensselaer Drive
Pepperell, Mass. 01861

April 2, 1934

Dear Miss Lakas:—

Thank you. Such letters as yours are a screen players only direct applause—and, of course, we are all happy when we are applauded.

As a matter of fact, I was rather dubious when I first read the script of "Moulin Rouge" and realized that I must sing and dance in several sequences. After seeing the finished picture, I was even more dubious. When you say you enjoyed it— it makes your compliments all the more pleasing, so, thank you again.

My next picture will be released shortly. It is the "Firebrand", based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini. Frederick March plays with me.

Sincerely,

Constance Bennett

Connie Answers Miss Lakas

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
5. Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

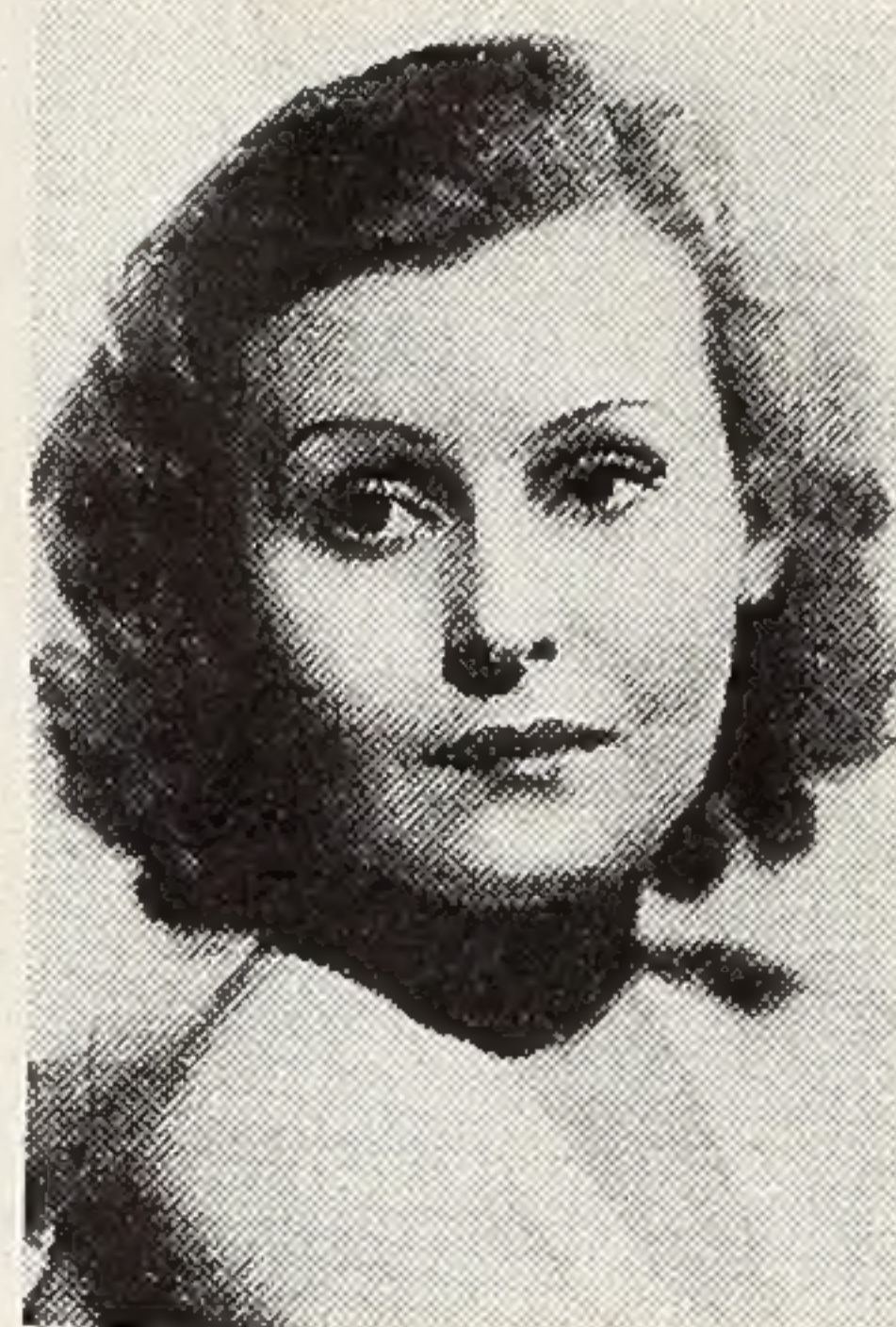
The Fan Letter to Lilian Harvey

Dear Miss Harvey:—

Don't become discouraged. In my opinion you have been miscast. Given the proper vehicle I know you can make good. Anyone who did such splendid work as you in "My Weakness" surely has talent. And, above all, do not leave Hollywood.

Sincerely,

Edward M. Johnson,
Cuba, N. Y.



Lilian Harvey

Dear Mr. Johnson—

Thank you for your very nice letter. Also—I am not going to leave Hollywood for some time to come. You see—I am giving myself one more chance to live up to some of the glowing publicity fanfare—which heralded my arrival in this country (it would be humanly impossible to live up to all of it)—in my forthcoming picture. Serenade based upon an incident in the life of Franz Schubert bids fair to afford me an opportunity to make good some of these claims.

At any rate continue to keep your fingers crossed for me—Please—

With kindest personal regards

I am

Sincerely yours

Lilian Harvey

Lilian Harvey drops a line to Mr. Johnson

Best Letters Sent to Stars:

In order that your letter be sent to one of the stars for reply, it must have these qualities:

It must ask a question.

It must be sincere and in good taste.

The Fan Letter to Dick Powell

Mr. Richard Powell,
% SILVER SCREEN.

Dear Dick Powell:—

You're a grand singer, and as an actor you've got what it takes. But how about a personal appearance tour? I know you're kept pretty busy, but can't you squeeze in a little time to come to Cleveland anyway? If you do I promise to come to every performance.

Yours admirably,

Georgene Caleb,
Lakewood, Ohio.



Dick Powell

Dick Powell

Dear Georgene—
Thanks for your nice letter and the many kind words.
I am going to make a personal appearance tour sometime this summer and if it is at all possible I'll surely come to Cleveland.
Thanking you again
I am,
Sincerely yours
Dick Powell

Dick Corresponds with Georgene

The Fan Letter to Otto Kruger

Dear "Counsellor at Law":—

Just to prove I'm a "Lady and not a Prizefighter," I'm writing to thank you for the portrait of your very noble countenance. If it were only possible to "Turn Back the Clock" and consider myself one of the many "Women in your Life!"

However, as you're happily married and I—just a "Beauty for Sale"—I can hardly hope to remain "Ever in your Heart."

A Gallant Lady,
Phyllis White, San Francisco, Calif.



Otto Kruger

Otto Kruger
m. g. m.

Miss Play the White
550 Broadway
San Francisco Cal.

Dear Miss White:

A clever lady you are, to have written that splendid Epistle of titles & congratulations.

And you know, this answer is not in competition to you.

Yes, he is happily married and she is the important "Woman in his life," and even if he "turned back the clock" I am sure she would be again.

But since your nice letter was written he may not be so constant, for he has since become a "Crime Doctor," no longer little "Beauty for Sale," for since it's now "Springtime for Henry," it may also be, for the wicked Doctor who is one of the "men in white" who up and steals little "Beauty for Sale" and carries her off to nurse "Treasure Island" where he might live "Ever in your Heart."

I'm sorry now, that I've written all this mess and hope you may forgive me.

Many thanks for your clever letter.

May I remain
Sincerely yours,
O. Kruger

The Fan Letter to ZaSu Pitts

Editor,
SILVER SCREEN.
Dear Editor:—

Let's have ZaSu Pitts starred, not as a comedienne, but as a gold digger or a wise-cracking girl for a change. She is a good actress even as a comedienne, but I think it would help her if she has a different rôle for a while.



ZaSu Pitts

I don't see why she isn't given some rôles like Joan Blondell and Alice White. I bet she could act just as well.

Let's have ZaSu in more pictures, not just as a comedienne.

Sincerely,
Margaret Johnson, Washington, D. C.

ZaSu's Reply

My dear Mrs. Johnson—

Your letter entered in the Silver Screen Magazine contest has made me very happy. I am most anxious to play dramatic parts. I have been playing comedy roles almost exclusively for so long I long for a real dramatic opportunity.

I can't quite agree with your thought that I would be a good gold digger type but I am very anxious to have the public recognize me for something besides being amusing.

With sincere good wishes and gratitude,
ZaSu Pitts

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organdie cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doe-skin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with Ivory Flakes.



FOWNES says
"Wash our Gloves
—this way—"

1. Use cool water and pure, quick-melting Ivory Flakes to whisk up rich suds. (Fownes, famous glove-makers, say: "We heartily advise pure Ivory Flakes for our finest washable gloves.")

2. Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.

3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)

4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

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Estimate the weight of MADGE EVANS

The Prizes Will Be
Awarded for the Near-
est Correct Answers.
See Conditions.

THE impersonal scales weigh the beautiful pounds of Madge Evans under the experienced eye of the Official Sealer of Weights and Measures, Mr. Charles M. Fuller. And Madge, who has just completed "Grand Canary" with Warner Baxter at the Fox Studio, smiles confidently.

The screen stars shudder at an added pound and worry when they are even a few ounces underweight.

What is the exact figure the scales reveal? If you can make a correct estimate (and conform to the conditions), you will be rewarded.

Consult the measurements which show exactly the dimensions of Miss Evans, and perhaps they will be a guide for you to arrive at the correct figure. The shoes and garments worn by Madge Evans on the scales weigh 1 lb. 6.1 ozs. The prizes will be awarded for the net weight, so you must allow for her clothes.

Madge
Evans is an
expert at
weight con-
trol.

CONDITIONS

1. Write your name and address and fill in carefully your estimate of Madge Evans' NET weight.
2. Your estimate must be accompanied with a letter (not more than seventy-five words) saying how you arrived at the total in your estimate.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.
4. The winning letters will be selected by the editor, whose decision is final.
5. Neatness and cleverness in the letters will be considered.
6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Silver Screen, or their families.
7. All estimates must be received in the office of Silver Screen before midnight, July 6, 1934.
8. Address your envelopes to Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Madge Evans being weighed by Charles M. Fuller, the Official Sealer of Weights and Measures in Los Angeles.

MADGE EVANS' MEASUREMENTS

Head	22 1/2 in.
Neck	13 "
Bust	35 "
Waist	25 "
Hips	36 "
Upper Arm	10 "
Lower Arm	8 1/2 "
Arm Length	17 1/2 "
Wrist	6 "
Thigh	21 1/2 "
Calf	13 "
Ankle	7 1/2 "
Glove	6 1/2 "
Shoe	6A
Height	5 ft. 4 1/2 in.

WEIGHT CONTEST EDITOR,
SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Name)

(Address)

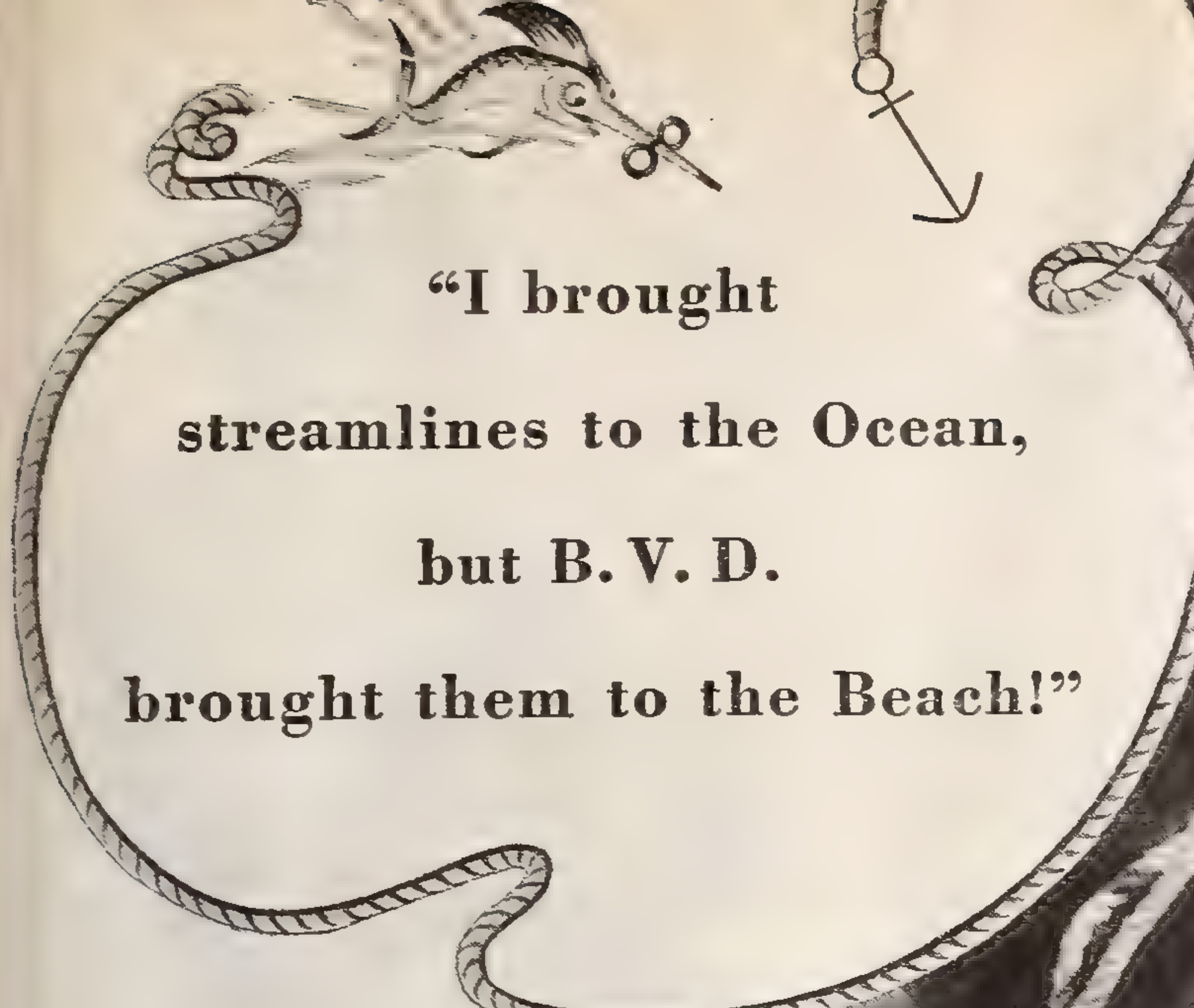
(City & State)

I estimate that Madge Evans weighs.....
I attach my letter telling how I arrived at this total.

Can you judge Madge Evans' weight correctly and win a reward?

Money Prizes

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	10.00
Fourth Prize	5.00



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streamlines to the Ocean,
but B. V. D.
brought them to the Beach!"**

Turn your binoculars on the B. V. D. sea-going brigades for 1934.

Masculine or feminine, there's a yacht-like trimness to every line. These smart, unhackneyed suits have 1934 ideas in fabric, fashion and color. "Sea-Tweeds," for instance—B. V. D.'s new creation which prove knit tweeds are as smart by sea as they are by land.

There are new colors, so arresting that they must be seen to be believed—challenging pastels, becoming browns, exotic blues, reds and yellows. And a new "seamless waistline"—an exclusive B. V. D. idea that makes "perfect fit" a fact—not a hope.

Beach togs, too,—B. V. D.'s famous shirts, shorts and slacks! Sound the roll call at any smart shop—there's a B. V. D. suit for every taste and a price for every purse. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

Reading up left to right:

SEA URCHIN—a flash of suit with the most becoming neckline and harness back straps of contrasting color.

●
BRASSETTE—adjustable uplift brassiere model, two-tone check and back that reaches a classic low.

●
PENGUIN—a miracle of decollete back, brief kerchief bodice with adjustable bow on each shoulder.

●
PAJAMAS—in "Perl-knit" cotton—with same smart back as "Sea Urchin," shown and described above.

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heed this warning!

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The Thrill of BEAUTY



Every Woman Is Happiest When She Looks Her Best.

By Mary Lee

Phyllis Barry stores up a reserve of sparkle—beach time is beauty time.

JUST how do you look? How are you "doin' what you're doin'"? Are you graceful, eye-filling? Or is your figure flabby, unlovely? You can make it either. It is up to you. Yes, you can actually trim your own figure today in perfect lines, turn in your old one on a new, streamline, summer 1934 model. It won't cost you a million dollars either. Every minute of every day you are making your figure what it will be tomorrow and five years from tomorrow. The way you stand, walk, sit, play or work, or whatever you do, can either mold your figure into graceful loveliness, or pull it out of shape and make it bulge unpleasantly.

Take walking, for instance. And, by the way, that is what all the girls seem to be doing. Everybody walks . . . for beauty . . . for health . . . for fun . . . or just because they have to. Twenty minutes of correct walking a day will do more for you than hours of slouching or even of half-hearted play. But walk correctly. Many of us do a lot of it and do it very badly. Watch yourself sometime. See if you are not walking from your shoulders! See if your shoulders are not all screwed up and tense, pushing you along as if someone had a hand on the back of your neck.

Yet the real strength of you is in those strong abdominal muscles and in the backs of your legs. Don't let your abdominal muscles sag. Step out vigorously. Get them into play. Walk from your upper thighs and hips. Make those strong muscles there take you places. Don't mince along from your knees! Then relax those shoulders. Let your arms swing freely. Take a deep breath, step on your exhilarator, and you're off, with blood whipping through your veins, a new color in your cheeks, a new sparkle in your eyes.

But you say you don't naturally walk that way. You will look affected? When you were a kid in school learning how to hold your pencil and write properly, you weren't a picture of grace the first time you wrapped your chubby fingers around it, but a little practice did the trick. You can learn to handle your whole body just as

you learned to handle that pencil. And it is a lot more important. Habit is a great institution. Make yourself do things the right way in the first place and you will find yourself doing them naturally that way in the second.

A lot of grace and exercise can be found in the simple act of getting up from a chair or sitting down. You do it a dozen times a day without thinking at all about it. Just for an experiment try it once in each of these two ways. Get up first with both feet together on the floor. Just get up. Now try it with the feet apart, one about four inches ahead of the other. Lift yourself. See how much easier it is to do it the second way. See how much less tired it makes you! Think of what a saving in energy it would be to do even such a simple thing as this correctly, if you had to do it many times a day. The point of interest to us here, however, is that rising this second way exercises and strengthens the correct muscles and is just one more step toward giving you that lithe, graceful figure you want to have.

Do you spend a lot of each day doing housework? Then remember that housework rightly done can be made the best exercise in the world. Suppose you are lifting something. See if you are not collapsing your shoulders and tugging with your arms, pulling your whole body out of shape. No wonder you are tired! Just let a good piano-mover try that technique and you would see him in the hospital in a week.

Instead, get down under whatever you are lifting. Limber your knees. Push up with those strong abdominal muscles and with your hips. Then you are using not only the least possible energy to accomplish the work, but are exercising the middle of you and are on the way to achieve a lithe, flat figure that will put the firmest girdle to shame.

Do you climb stairs a dozen times a day? Good! That can be the most valuable of exercises. This goes for you, too, if you are an office worker and walk up endless subway stairs or the elevated ones in order

to reach your destination. A stair's a stair wherever it is. And you can make good use of it in this figure-molding business if you know how. Lean forward as you go up. Keep your back straight. Let the force of gravity help instead of hinder you. Don't lean back and pull the full weight of your body up with your legs. Let the weight of your body carry you gracefully ahead. You'll arrive at the top of those stairs so much less tired and with good exercise given those strong back-leg muscles.

It may not be a compliment to call a girl a cat. But there are several tips to be taken from the kitten family in the matter of grace. Stretching is much the best thing in the world for you. Start every day with it. Stretch and STRETCH and S-T-R-E-T-C-H! It will limber you up amazingly. It will help keep you from getting stiff.

And sigh! No, it doesn't mean develop a melancholy disposition. It means deep breathing . . . out! We read a lot about deep breathing, in. But the business of breathing out is even more important. First empty your lungs. Then drink in fresh air as if you were bent on filling your body with it right down to your toes, not just to the lower part of your lungs.

You don't have to have a special time and place to do this. There is air practically everywhere! Snatch every chance you have to get some of it into your lungs. Five minutes as you walk along the street, in the evening after work. They say that Janet Gaynor practices tap dancing on the set between camera shots! That is making the most of time. Perhaps tap dancing would make you a little conspicuous, but deep breathing can be taken up anywhere!

About relaxation and eating the right

food, I am not going to say a word. They are supremely important but the editor is beginning to tap his foot and I must be off. However, I do want to give you two simple exercises to try at home, to develop those strong central muscles which have so very much to do with grace and beauty and which are so often and so badly neglected.

Squat down on the balls of your feet, your knees apart, your hands, to steady yourself, resting on the back of a chair. Now rise slowly to a standing position. Lower yourself just as slowly to the squat. Do this five times the first morning, six the next and so on until you can do it comfortably, thirty times.

Again lie down flat on your back, your hands on your hips, your legs out straight. Keeping your heels on the floor, raise yourself to a sitting position. Down again slowly. As with the first exercise do it a few times the first morning, gradually increasing until you can do it with ease as many times as you like.

And whatever you do, work or play, do it with a will! Let the lively, lovely part of you have the upper hand. There is a little bit of Hepburn in the most indolent of us. A bit which refuses to tolerate the slightest vestige of laziness and flabbiness in our lives.

If you do, you'll find not only your beauty but your disposition and your health improving. You'll have eyes like stars, a figure which grows more lithe and graceful as every day goes by, a personality which doesn't need to go out and make friends but finds friends coming to it. Best of all, you'll be ready when that most important moment of your life comes and your own, personal and private director cries, "Camera!"

The WINNERS in the JOAN CRAWFORD Weight Estimating Contest

FIRST PRIZE—\$25.00

Helen Ebert,
107-16—122nd St.,
Richmond Hill, L. I.

SECOND PRIZE—\$15.00

Delores Miller,
330 Hancock St.,
Findlay, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—\$10.00

Marjorie Sullivan,
205 Babcock St.,
Brookline, Mass.

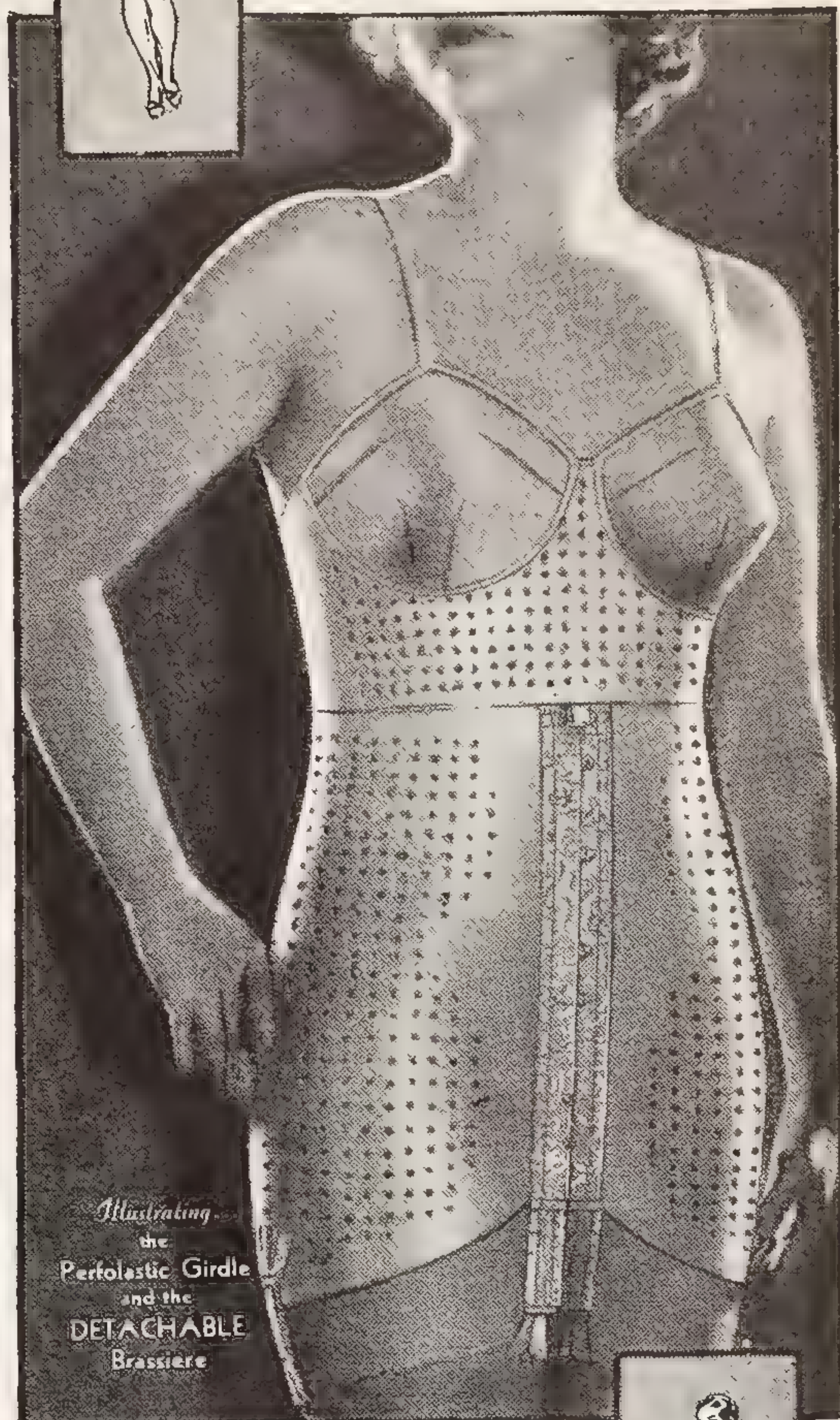
FOURTH PRIZE—\$5.00

Ethel O'Day,
2530 Peniston St.,
New Orleans, La.

The above winners conformed to all conditions. They sent the nearest correct estimates accompanied by the best letters.

Joan weighs 119
lbs. 15.51 ozs.

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REDUCE
YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
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"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"
...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43
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"Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll
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■ So many of our customers are delighted
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this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle
that we want you to try it for 10 days at
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Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect
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skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like
action remove flabby, disfiguring fat with
every movement . . . stimulating the body
once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and
definitely in 10 days whether or not this
very efficient girdle will reduce your waist
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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing
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GOSSIP

You Can't Believe All You Hear: One Girl Thought the Professor Was Whispering Sweet Nothings—It Was Only His Asthma.

RUMORS are flying thick and fast (and if we can catch a few by the salt-on-the-tail method we'll have pie for dinner) that Joan Crawford is getting mighty interested in Francis Lederer. He is a constant guest at her Brentwood house, and it was he who was chosen to open her newly built little theatre by appearing in one of his own plays. Then, too, when he was appearing on the Hollywood stage in "Autumn Crocus," Joan sent him the world-famous Crawford insignia, gardenias. (And 'tis said that Lederer's girl friend, Steffi Duna, happened to be there at the time and was none too pleased.) But Franchot Tone doesn't seem to be at all disturbed by the presence of Mr. Lederer about the premises—so why should we be?

STEFFI DUNA (you saw her only briefly in "Man of Two Worlds," in which she played Lederer's Eskimo wife) is a most

attractive and bewitching young girl, and is causing quite a sensation now at the Tingel Tangel Theatre in Hollywood. In fact, her fresh beauty and her ability as an actress have sort of become the talk of the town. The night after the opening of the Tingel Tangel, she received four movie offers. She has been put under contract by RKO, which studio has big plans for her—so you'll be hearing more about Steffi Duna. And those who know her say she is just that fond of Francis Lederer.

WHEN Margaret Sullavan, who has just completed "Little Man, What Now?" flew to New York the other night, where she expected to catch a boat for a European vacation, she was "seen off" at the airport by no one except her colored maid. Hollywood ain't got that little Sullavan gal yet.

OUR vote of thanks for one of the best laughs of the month goes to Wynne Gibson's grandmother, a swell old lady who knows a lot of snappy answers. Recently Wynne invited a young man home to dinner—a very correct young man—and warned Granny not to shock him. So Granny insisted that he ask the blessing when they sat down to dinner, but the poor young man couldn't remember any blessings and began to blush all over himself. "All right," said Granny. "I'll ask it. Dear Lord, I hope this meat is fit to eat."

HOLLYWOOD is going badminton crazy. If you haven't got a badminton court you simply don't belong socially.

SO AT last Katy Hepburn found time to get that divorce about which there have been so many rumors for lo, these many months. Accompanied by her friend, Laura Harding, she registered at the Hotel Itza, in Merida, Yucatan, under the name of Katharine Smith, and was there almost three weeks before anybody recognized her. According to the good laws of Yucatan you

can get a divorce in one month. Katy sued on the grounds of incompatibility—and he who is incompatible is Ludlow Ogden Smith, of New York. The Smiths were married December 12, 1928, in West Hartford, Connecticut, and a lot of water has run under the mill since then.

ALICE WHITE has a swimming pool which she was a bit slow about having filled this spring, as the weather had been rather chilly. Recently Alice saw about ten of the neighborhood kids cross her lawn and assemble in serious conclave about the cement floor of the pool. They went through such strange antics that Alice, peeping out of an upstairs window, couldn't imagine what was going on. Finally she learned that they were "counting out," and one of the big girls was "it." So, five minutes later her front door bell rang and there stood the big girl. "Miss White," she said, "I have been appointed delegate to ask you when you are going to fill the pool." Alice told her she thought it was still rather cool for a swim. "No," said the girl, "we met and decided today is just perfect for a dip." So there was nothing for Alice to do but turn the water on.

BING CROSBY likes to sing "I Surrender Dear" and "Star Dust" best of the old songs that made him popular as a crooner.

THE most social foursome in Hollywood right now consists of the Freddie Marches and the John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray).

SOME old meanie of a columnist said that Jean Muir was "sweet on" George Brent—and promptly Mr. Brent called off all dates to take Jean flying around in his new plane. Is Jean mad!!

DOLORES DEL RIO has had her dressing room redecorated. It's so modernistic and futuristic that you expect the Man from Mars to drop in at any minute.



Acme

Behind the sun glasses is Janet Gaynor, the veteran star of a dozen successes. Her latest is "Change of Heart."



Acme

Gracie Allen says her brother played on the cricket team in England. "He was the crick." "What's that?" asks George Burns. "A pain in the neck," says Gracie.

As always — Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..



KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

DR. MONICA

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture



"IT'S MY BUSINESS
To look beautiful

**..that's why I changed to
 LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"**

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.



REGULAR SIZE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.

SILVER SCREEN

Topics
for
Gossip

Without Hollywood the Gossips Would Be Out On a Limb—Like Joan Blondell's Garter.

JOHAN MACK BROWN is still recuperating from the crack his first born made to him at the circus last month. The four-year old, watching and laughing joyously over the clown's antics, turned to her dad and said, "Daddy, why don't you act funny like that in pictures. I would like to go and see you then."

FAY WRAY has all her bathing suits specially designed in red and white, and knitted by hand. But since she got caught in that riptide (not with Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery) out at Playa del Rey last summer, she has been a little more mindful of that old gag about "and don't go near the water."

NOT since Jean Harlow startled Hollywood as the original platinum blonde has a head of hair been so sensational in these parts as that of Janet Beecher's. (Remember Miss Beecher as Ann Harding's girl friend in "Gallant Lady"?) Although she is one of New York's most popular actresses, Miss Beecher had so much fun making "Gallant Lady" that she decided to settle down on this island of lost souls. Prematurely grey at twenty-four, her hair in recent years has turned to an exquisite shade of china-blue, a phenomena which has the Hollywood fashion leaders and ye olde beauty shoppes concerned plenty as to a possible formula. Can Janet Beecher be starting a "sapphire blonde" craze?

HOLLYWOOD has been honored lately by the visit of Princess Kropotkin, who writes, among other things, that famous column in a weekly magazine called "To the Ladies." All the stars were quite delighted to be interviewed by the internationally known Princess and but one date was broken—which is quite a record in Hollywood, where a broken date is of no more importance than a split infinitive. The *break* was Charlie Farrell, who decided to ditch the Princess



"Now, Fire Cracker," says Jean Parker, "put on a good scene and don't blow up in your lines."

in favor of a game of polo. The next day he must have felt a bit badly about it for he called her at her hotel and apologized profusely. "Why, it's quite all right," said the Princess, "you are the first man to break a date with me to keep a date with a horse."

Her date with Claudette Colbert was broken too—but it was not Claudette's fault. The Princess arrived at twelve at the studio to interview Claudette, but De Mille was having a time with his peacocks that day on the "Cleopatra" set and wouldn't dismiss the company for lunch until two o'clock. The Princess wasn't at all interested in Mr. De Mille's peacocks and whimsies and set sail at one-thirty.

MAE CLARKE has the world's most original garden trellis—and it was her own idea. The unique structure is built entirely of old clothes hangers, brilliantly painted and arranged in artistic design.

CAROL ANN BEERY has a new trick—and is Papa Wally delighted! Wally will say, "Come, Carol Ann, give me a Garbo kiss" and little Carol Ann will simply throw herself at him, grab hold of his ears with her little pudgy hands and give him a smack and a clench that resounds around the Brown Derby.

Carol Ann is also beginning to notice the Other Sex. Naturally she went on location with Wally when the "Treasure Island" company went to Catalina, and the whole company would have dinner together at the St. Catherine hotel. One night, at the dinner table, Carol Ann piped up with: "Daddy, I'm in love with Jackie Cooper." Poor Jackie, across the table, turned as red as a beet. But, always the gentleman, he passed her the olives. Sort of a canape for love.

AT THE fights the other night we saw Sandra Shaw (Mrs. Gary Cooper) sporting silver finger-nails and a look of boredom. The Coopers have given up their ranch out in Van Nuys and have moved into town and gone quite social.

MARY BRIAN is taking voice lessons—of the crooning variety, so they say. It's doubtless the Dick Powell influence, as Mary sort of specializes on him these days—and who wouldn't sez we.

MAE WEST is at it again. Recently she was talking over the morals of today and yesterday and wise-cracked that "gals used to travel the straight and narrow path—but now they take the easiest roadster." Don't shoot!

When you look in vain for a picture to appear,
consult this list:—

NEW TITLES

"The Affairs of Cellini" (Constance Bennett) formerly.. "The Firebrand"
"Such Women Are Dangerous" (Warner Baxter)..... "9 Million Women"
"Handy Andy" (Will Rogers)..... "Merry Andrew"
"Embarrassing Moments" (Chester Morris)..... "The Practical Joker"
"Midnight Alibi" (Richard Barthelmess)..... "Old Doll's House"
"Chautard the Mysterious" (Edw. G. Robinson)..... "Dark Tower"

INTIMATE MOMENTS

By Elizabeth Wilson



Plink, Plink goes the lyre while Henry Wilcoxon tells Cleopatra—Claudette Colbert—how Mark Antony felt about her. And does Claudette love listening to a lyre!



The Master Director, Cecil B. De Mille risks only one eye when examining a take of the Cleopatra scenes.

WELL, now you can just thank your stars you didn't have to spend hours on the "Cleopatra" set the day I did. (And while you are thanking your stars I'll just thank a few of mine—thank you Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, and ZaSu Pitts and Edward Everett Horton, for two of the funniest pictures I've enjoyed this year.) It was a blistering eighty-five on the set that day all because the thousands, but thousands, of plumes that make the back-stop for Cleopatra's throne on the royal barge have to be kept at that temperature else they won't play, I'm sure I don't know why. I'll have to ask Mae West, who ought to be an authority on plumes by now.

And when the plumes weren't complaining the dancing girls

SILVER SCREEN

WITH CLEOPATRA!

Henry
Wilcoxon as
Antony

Cleopatra Shows What Can Be Done With Beads.

were—so what a stew we were in. Of course the dancing girls only had on a bit of old seaweed the property man had filched from the Pacific the night before, and were being dunked in a tank of cold water, so I couldn't be too critical of them. And the slave boys (Papa, buy me one) were making the best of greasepaint and loincloths and biceps, so really now practically the only two people on the set fully clothed and in their right minds were C. B. De Mille and myself, and maybe C. B. was just fully clothed.

I reached that conclusion when a publicity guy told me about the goats. Do you want to hear about the goats? Well, you're going to anyway. It seems that throwing a bull and a clambake in honor of Antony's arrival in Egypt wasn't enough. There ought to be goats to give it just that touch. After the little blonde had tripped and cavorted across the bull's back while Antony's eyes almost popped out. Cleo was supposed to turn to Rome's head general and say, "Honey baby, you ain't seen nothing yet." Then she'd clap her hands and a flock of goats and a bevy of dancing girls would be released and the goats would butt the dancing girls on their posteriors in rhythmic movements. Well it seems the goats knew all about butting but they simply couldn't be taught to do it rhythmically—they butted without metre. So, finally, it had to be conceded that goats have no ear for music, and C. B. had to think up something else for the entertainment of Antony. Oh, the dancing girls—they said they didn't mind being butted about a bit as it really wasn't as depressing as a reducing machine. So now you know.

Just in case all this sounds a trifle silly to you—oh, you don't have to be polite with me—we might just as well face the facts for awhile. The facts, briefly, are these, so right about face. C. B. De Mille is directing a super colossal spectacle called "Cleopatra" which is a sure-fire eye-popper-outer. Claudette Colbert, than whom there is no *than whomer*, is the star and plays Cleopatra in native costumes which Travis Banton designed. (And what intimate little fittings those must have been.) Warren William was borrowed from the brothers Warner for the rôle of Caesar, and after a haircut looked more Caesarian than Caesar. Henry Wilcoxon was imported from London by C. B. to play Antony. LeRoy [Continued on page 69]

Cleopatra holds the snake ready as she bares her breast to the death stroke.



Claudette as Cleopatra. The fame of her beauty rises like the Nile over Egypt, even unto the walls of Jericho.

GRAPEFRUIT *for* GIRLS

Mae Clarke Is a Better Actress Since Cagney Gave Her the Famous Citrous Citation.

By John W. Blontman

MAE CLARKE would rather be the big-hearted, impassioned street-gamin of "Nana," "Waterloo Bridge," and "Impatient Maiden," the hot-headed, gold-digging blonde of "Lady Killer," or any other reckless lady of affairs than to dress up in silks and satins and parade as just pretty Mae Clarke.

Just what it is that makes Mae prefer this life of sin, this business of being cuffed about for art's sake is a little difficult to understand—at first. Until you hear Mae explain it.

"I like being these people because I know

all about them" she says. "There really *are* girls like those I portray on the screen. I know. I've seen them. People who go through hell and high-water to get a break, and never do. Gold-diggers, too—I've heard their stories. Poor kids, they don't know what it's all about and go on thinking they do. Maybe that's why I can play them better than other rôles—I'm living a true story, that's all—and I like it. I like being *real people*."

So much enthusiasm and energy does Mae devote to this business of portraying "real people" that she has developed a complete

lack of appreciation for her other self—Mae Clarke, the woman.

I talked to her shortly before she began her rôle in "Nana." I had no intention of referring to her new part. I wanted to know something about Mae, herself—about her personal likes and dislikes, ambitions and desires.

"But why?" she said to me, "is Mae Clarke, the woman, interesting? Let's talk about my screen me—the kind of girls people like to know about. Just plain me is not important in comparison, do you think?"

With which I watched Mae metamorphose from a very reserved little girl into the street-gamin of "Nana." As soon as she knows she is to do a picture, she coaches herself on every gesture, every movement, every characteristic trait of that girl she is to portray. With complete abandon, Mae suddenly threw herself across the divan opposite me, her graceful legs temptingly exposed; she lit a cigarette, and threw one arm carelessly across the back of the sofa, allowing every line of her lovely figure to remain unbroken. And there, indeed, was *Satin* of "Nana."

Assuredly, when you consider it, there cannot have been an emotion in any one of those girls Mae so realistically portrays on the screen that she, herself, does not understand. Her own full life has been overflowing with heartache, tribulation, struggle, defeat. She's had them all, and taken them, too, with her chin up, a brave heart, and indomitable courage.

That courage was to be the dominant characteristic of her career was evidenced at the ripe young age of fourteen, when Mae was selected with twelve other girls to stage a dancing recital for Earl Lindsey, New York show producer, in search of new chorines. On the morning of the day of the recital, Mae suddenly decided her stuff was too passé. She must have something new. She must be good. She must be, above all things *different* from the rest. All that day, and right up until showtime, Mae rehearsed her dance routine and mastered an entirely new song. Five minutes before her name was announced, she was prepared to the nth degree of perfection. She was called; she went on, and she began to sing. But horror of horror, she'd forgotten to inform the orchestra about her new number. They were playing the old one, and she was singing the new.

Mortified? Scared out of her wits? Quit? Not Mae. Nothing was going to cheat her out of her "big moment." She stopped the orchestra. She made them play the right song, and continued with her act.

But the audience hadn't seen
[Cont. on page 72]

Mae Clarke has a wonderful new M-G-M contract, and Garbo had better look out.



"SHAKESPEARE?—NO!"

*Fredric March Denies that Shakespeare
Is Essential to an Actor's Training.*

By Julia Gwin

Charles Laughton
stands high after his
success as Henry
VIIIth.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Charles Laughton announced that an actor to be great must have played in Shakespeare's immortal classics. In order to gain this indispensable experience, Laughton sacrificed a year and thousands of dollars and became a Shakespearean actor. Fredric March, one of America's leading actors, frankly differs with Mr. Laughton.

The Editor.

March and Constance Bennett in
"The Affairs of Cellini."



The benighted home at Malibu Beach of Fredric March. "Out, damned spot!" cries Shakespeare to Culture.

Both Laughton and March have won the highest honors for their screen work.



"THE idea that Shakespeare is necessary has been exploded. Too many actors who never had the classical background of Shakespeare now enjoy success . . . many of them haven't even a speaking acquaintance with his plays. Motion pictures and the dramatic stage have produced some exceptional artists in

the past few years, entirely without the aid of Shakespearean training," said Fredric March.

In the sun-flooded drawing-room of a suite high up in the Hotel Pierre, overlooking Central Park, March relaxed and reflected upon the question I had just put to him . . . whether the whimsical comedy of

[Continued on page 72]

"WRONG PEOPLE

In the Old Days
Players Had Per-
sonality, Not Just
Rich Relatives.

By
Ruth
Biery



John Gilbert
won his place
by the charm of
his own spontane-
ous manner.

TWO long, hard benches. A pathway between. On one side, young girls. On the other, young men. Not allowed to talk with one another. Sly glances. Stolen winks and come-hither looks from beneath naturally long eye-lashes.

On one bench, youngsters with such names as Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres and Virginia Valli. On the other, Ralph Graves, Donald Clayton (brother of Ethel), Rod La Roque and Tommy Guinan (brother of Texas).

These were the "regular extras" receiving \$3.25 a day and a guarantee of four days, weekly. How their faces would beam when Wallace Beery, Beverly Bayne, Francis X. Bushman and Bryant Washburn walked through that lane! How the same faces would register "indifference" when girls like Helen Ferguson and Colleen Moore tripped by. The first were the stars! The second, the extras who were allowed to sit on a bench and gamble on their chances.



There is no more colorful figure in public life today than Gloria Swanson, once a Sennett comic and later a Marquise. She is typical of the type who used to pack the movie houses.

Suddenly, Gloria Swanson disappeared from the bench. There were whispers. There have always been whispers about Gloria. They said she had been "let go" because she broke the rules—against talking to the men—with Wally Beery. He had a yellow roadster and Gloria had become a familiar object slumped down on the seat beside him, only the long tail feathers of the white quills on her huge hat showing. One of the girls who sat on that bench told me: "Gloria was not given the credit, but she was the first to use the debutante slouch. She walked *then* as society was to walk years later. She was the first to slouch down in a car in that familiar, now-popular position. If women were wearing



Colleen Moore had the loyalty of the "common people" because she had real understanding.

CRASHING PICTURES!"

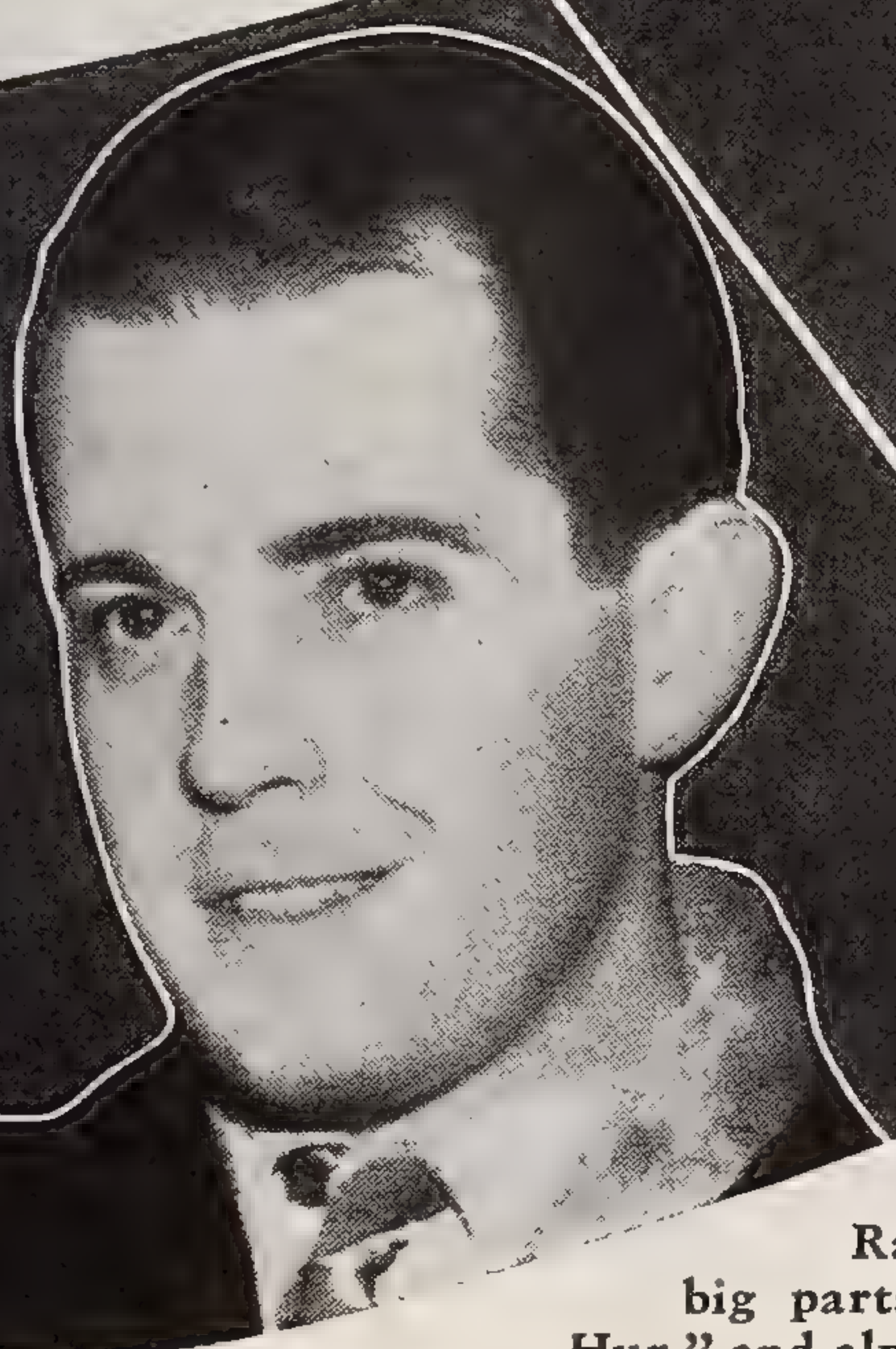
Norma Shearer successfully made "He Who Gets Slapped" and other silent films. In spite of the arrival of sound, marriage and the birth of her son, Norma, the Beautiful, held her popularity by her own gay personality.



Charles Farrell found a place in pictures in "Seventh Heaven" through his own Chica-like qualities.



Anna Sten is a Russian girl who has been groomed for the screen. In her first picture she won many friends by her remarkable beauty.



Ramon Novarro has been in big parts in pictures since "Ben Hur," and always a distinct personality.

wouldn't let her through the gate, so she waited until the winter supply of coal was being shot into the basement and slipped down the coal chute before the men could close it. The very officials who had ordered her off the free bench laughed and asked her if she could swim. And when she said "yes," they let her double in Lake Michigan. She had never swum but when she went down, down, down in that cold water she remembered her mother's words, "God will take care of you." And God did. As He did so many frontier women.

Letters of introduction could [Continued on page 66]

big hats, Gloria's were bigger. If they wore plumes, Gloria's were longer and fuller. And beautiful—"

But it was not her beauty that won her her "big chance" in pictures. Nor her daredevil romance and marriage to Wallace Beery. That brought publicity. She was known—but not for her great acting. Wally, the famed star of Swedish comedies, came to Hollywood. Gloria came, too. Into Mack Sennett comedies they went. Years of hard gruelling, desperate hope, mad chasing after that vague "opportunity" followed. And when Cecil De Mille finally chose Gloria Swanson, because of one scene from a Sennett comedy, he was nearly laughed out of the industry.

And when Irving Thalberg chose Jack Gilbert for the leading man in "The Merry Widow," he was jeered in the same manner. Jack Gilbert, who had been trying for seven years. Jack Gilbert, who had been everything from a down-and-out extra to a down-and-out unsuccessful director. But he had clung on . . . starving for as long as a week at a time . . .

Then George Loane Tucker took the hanger-on comedian, Lon Chaney, for the contortionist in "The Miracle Man," because he could fake freakishness better than the five, real contortionists who had been tested. For ten years, Lon Chaney had known he would be the best comedian in pictures. "And there I was spending agonizing hours before a mirror twisting myself from a human being into a beast—because I must eat and that was my only opportunity—" he told me, not long before he died.

Ah, those are the stories that flash through my mind when people say, "But how do you crash into the movies? It's all politics and pull, isn't it?"

It wasn't then. Not in the pioneer days when youth was riding in covered wagons and scaling roadless mountains to reach the last frontier of glory and wealth and excitement, with proper emphasis on the word excitement.

Little Helen Ferguson was fired six times from that "free bench" under the developing laboratory at the Essanay studios. She was twelve. "I was determined to stay because I wanted a gold bed for my mother and the only people who seemed to know about gold beds were those who made the movies!" Finally, they

"The TRICK IS TO BE

Robert Young Has Tackled the Problem of Hollywood Marriage With a New Idea—That Works.

By Ben Maddox

THE first year of marriage is an exciting, emotional whirlwind anywhere, but in Hollywood—! Oh-oh! In this ultra-modern town a husband or wife isn't allowed to clutter up one's Beverly abode if he or she isn't exactly what was expected. Better, far better, according to the Cinema Code, to part and go through the rest of life "the best of friends!"

Here there are all the customary, universal little problems which are bound to pop up in the average marriage. But no sooner are these commonplace trifles ironed out than film newlyweds have to combat the exaggerated conditions peculiar to a Hollywood existence.

Now suppose you had to dash back from your honeymoon so your brand-new bridegroom could hie over to the studio to screen-love Joan Crawford. Naturally, you'd sensibly reassure yourself. It's business, strictly. Your darling wouldn't dream of actually feeling those love sequences. Anyway, Joan's too Franchot-conscious to be even slightly feared. Still, there's no escaping the fact of the overwhelming Crawford glamour, and your adored husband is so good-looking—!

If I were an eminent psychologist, I'd probably assert that this was the train of thought running through the head of pretty Mrs. Robert Young—a year ago. That was the situation confronting her.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, "the first year" is considered the most important. How to survive it successfully, if you're a movie star, is the question. I looked over the field of those who'd be eligible to talk and immediately decided on Robert Young. He's been married for a year and two months, which stamps him as a "veteran," and yet a new-enough husband to remember how he made the necessary adjustments.

Eight months out of "the first year" Bob was kept on the jump, being rushed from one picture to another and having only Sundays free. After "The House of

Rothschild" they gave him a breathing spell and I was all ready to run over to his house for a lengthy conference. It was my luck, when I telephoned, to be informed that he'd begun a new picture at Columbia the day before.

I went over to his set, having made a luncheon appointment, and a more informal interview I've never had. There was a half-hour wait while he finished a scene with Doris Kenyon. ("Whom the Gods Destroy" is the name of his latest and Doris enacts his mother.) Bob's lines, at that point, were, "Oh, mother, I'm going to do tremendous things. Not ordinary shows. Why, I have ideas that will make theatrical history!"

The vigor he put into the speech convinced me he felt *that* scene, and it struck me as very likely that it was what he'd said to his very own mother a



The dining room in Robert Young's Beverly Hills home. The chairs have elaborate designs in harmony with the window curtains.



All photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Robert Young, his wife Betty and the baby, Carol Anne.

TOGETHER!"



A sunlit corner of the grounds of Bob's home showing the cool, shaded, awning-covered flower beds, the decorative bird bath and the slatted garden door.

couple of years ago when he abandoned bank clerking to embark on the precarious movie climb. Bob's that rarity, a Los Angeles boy who's a success in his home town. He appeared in forty plays at the Pasadena Community Playhouse before M-G-M discovered him.

This was the most carefree set I've been on in ages. "O.K., boys; let's snap into it! Two more shots and we can go and eat!" An electrician shouted that at the cast just as I found a chair. Doris Kenyon, hampered by a hobble skirt, pitty-patted out from the space of action for a fresh dab of powder. "If you want something when you have that skirt on, why don't you yell?" This was the democratic admonition of her maid, resting on the sidelines. Between shots the man who maneuvered the microphone gazed at the two performers and indulgently sang, "You oughta be in pictures . . . you're beautiful to see!"

No sedate, officious dignity at Columbia, and no studio restaurant. Bob came over to me as soon as he could and greeted me with "Let's go up to the corner beanery and catch something to stave off starvation!" We bee-lined for the corner drugstore; but the extras and prop men had gotten there first and we had to unceremoniously climb onto the stools at the counter. How a star can get conceited in Hollywood is beyond me!

This Robert Young is as earnest as he is handsome. He's anxious to progress and is pleasingly lacking in theatrical affectations. Which identifies him as a star you'd enjoy knowing personally.

"I've thought a lot on the subject," he declared when I admitted I had come to learn his secret for combining the almost-impossible, a movie career and matrimony. My wife says I shouldn't talk about it. She's read that too much emphasis on a happy home life is tempting Fate. And," he added thoughtfully, "the conclusions I've reached aren't the colorful, fantastic theories the public imagines an actor should have.



The living room of Robert Young's house at Beverly Hills, with Bob himself posing to show how he puts cigarette ashes on the new rug to keep the supervisors out.

"If I could expound some flowery design for marrying I'd sound a heap more 'fascinating.' As it is, when I finish it'll probably sound like Dickens. Though hardly as well put!

"I hate anything phony. Posing as a gay young blade who goes around stealing other fellows' wives might be front page stuff. But, honestly, I wouldn't get a kick out of living if I had to continually put on an act. And I'd rather have no publicity than to build up a false foundation with the fans. Some day it would turn to sand, and where'd I be?

"I'm bad copy," he went on, "because I'm a normal guy who wants to live in a normal manner." [Continued on page 70]

"PAIRING THEM OFF"

By
Patricia
Keats

Adolphe Menjou and
Veree Teasdale—a
real "affair." They
ought to recognize
the symptoms by
now.

Carole Lombard or somebody with a Name; you and I wouldn't have to sit way over here behind the palms, but could have been right out there near the dance floor with the other Names. But that's Class Distinction for you in Hollywood. Oftentimes when I am sitting on the bias at a preview or dodging posts at a night club I wish for some good old Charleston snobbery—but come, come now, let's be gay about this and comfort ourselves with the thought that love on a rampage is far better seen at a distance. And far cooler, too. Well, a welsh rabbit and who's here tonight?

There's Glenda Farrell and her boy friend, Bob Riskin, at a table—and a good table, too—all by their lonesomes, which sort of looks like true blue love. Glenda and Bob boast that they have never had a spat because their interests and dispositions are definitely compatible. "Yes, we're going steady, and I love it," Glenda told



Wide World

QUICK, now, my olod manteau with the dabs of rabbit fur on it and my pearl-handled lorgnettes, for I am going snooping in some of the Best Places this evening. I hear that all over Hollywood love is paramount (and sex I guess is metro-goldwyn-mayer) and I've always wanted to see love paramount, so with an old bottle of champagne I walked off with from Joan Blondell's Christmas party—thinking it was my escort—I hereby christen this Away-We-Go Night. Well, bottoms up and alley-oop.

Let's go to the Cocoanut Grove first on account of I like Ted Fio Rita's orches-

tra and that ducky little water-splash which always make me think that Dick Powell is going to step out and sing "By a Waterfall" while Ruby Keeler goes into her taps. Hoity toity and hoity toity again. That's what I always say when the waiter shows me to a table in a far corner with a draft. I guess I just don't rate. Now if I had only brought Claudette along or



Wide World

Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer
colonizing at the Colony.

Plenty of Money—Beautiful Girls—Romance in the Air, and So, Why Not? Let's?



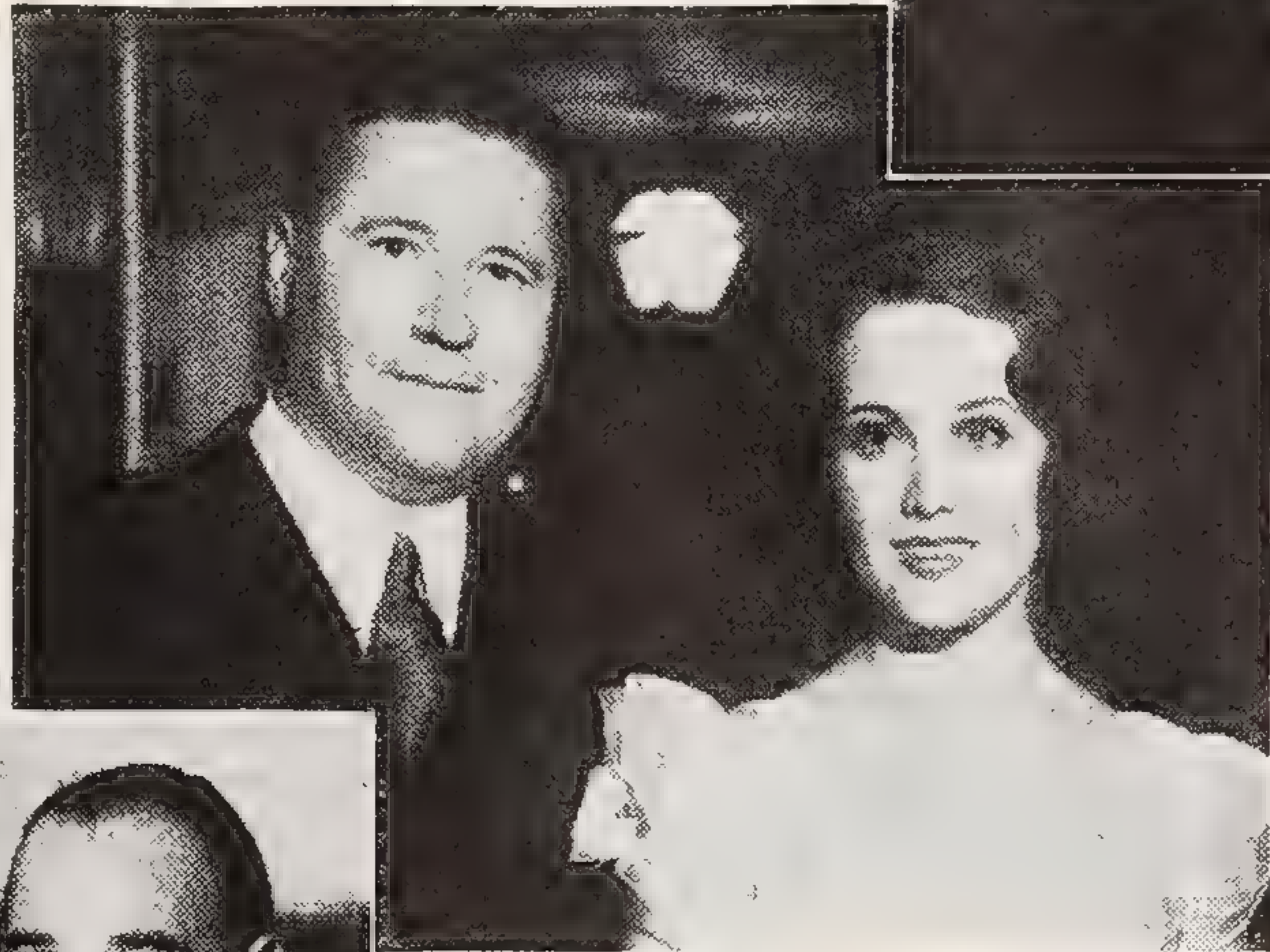
Acme

At Lew Ayres' right is Ginger Rogers, and at your right, Janet Gaynor smiling.



Wide World

The youngsters—Anita Louise and Tom Brown playing at life.



Acme

Jack Oakie and Mary Brian—old friends and proud of it.

two weeks, he has been going exclusively with Marian Nixon, who separated from Eddie Hillman over a year ago. He and Marian seemed to be all heart throbs for each other. Lois Wilson—who has become Marian Nixon's most intimate girl friend, chaperoned them while they were at Palm Springs. Hollywood was all set for wedding bells (Von Sternberg could have loaned them some from "The Scarlet Empress" and not missed them at all) when Laura La Plante

up and divorced Bill Seiter, director and bon vivant—and tres bon at the Clover Club—and Marian and Bill suddenly remembered that they used to be in love before Bill married Laura, so they might just as well take up matters where they

after the Lombard-Powell divorce. Wheew, Waiter, bring me a pencil, I've got to draw a diagram—love triumphant in Hollywood is just too, too complicated. Oh, for something simple like a crossword puzzle.

There's Ted Fio Rita waving his bâton again. Veloz and Yolanda are going to dance and when they dance Hollywood takes notice. Gee, I like Ted Fio Rita. Wonder if he and Florence Desmond are still in love, even if Florence is in London making pictures. Never will I forget the night he and Florence decided to elope, and chartered a plane to take them to Yuma, but got lost in a fog before they could find the airport, and, after riding around in circles for hours looking for the thing finally found themselves back at the Clover Club, so decided to call it all off and have a beer and a steak sandwich instead.

Now here is a treat. Practically all of the Young girls in a bevy. And when it comes right down to fresh beauty you can't beat a Young girl. My favorite is Loretta, who is as sweet as she is beautiful and a lot of fun. I don't blame Spencer Tracy for being nuts about her—look he can't even take his eyes off of her long enough to read the menu. Spencer and Loretta have been "keeping company" ever since they worked together in "A

[Continued on page 60]

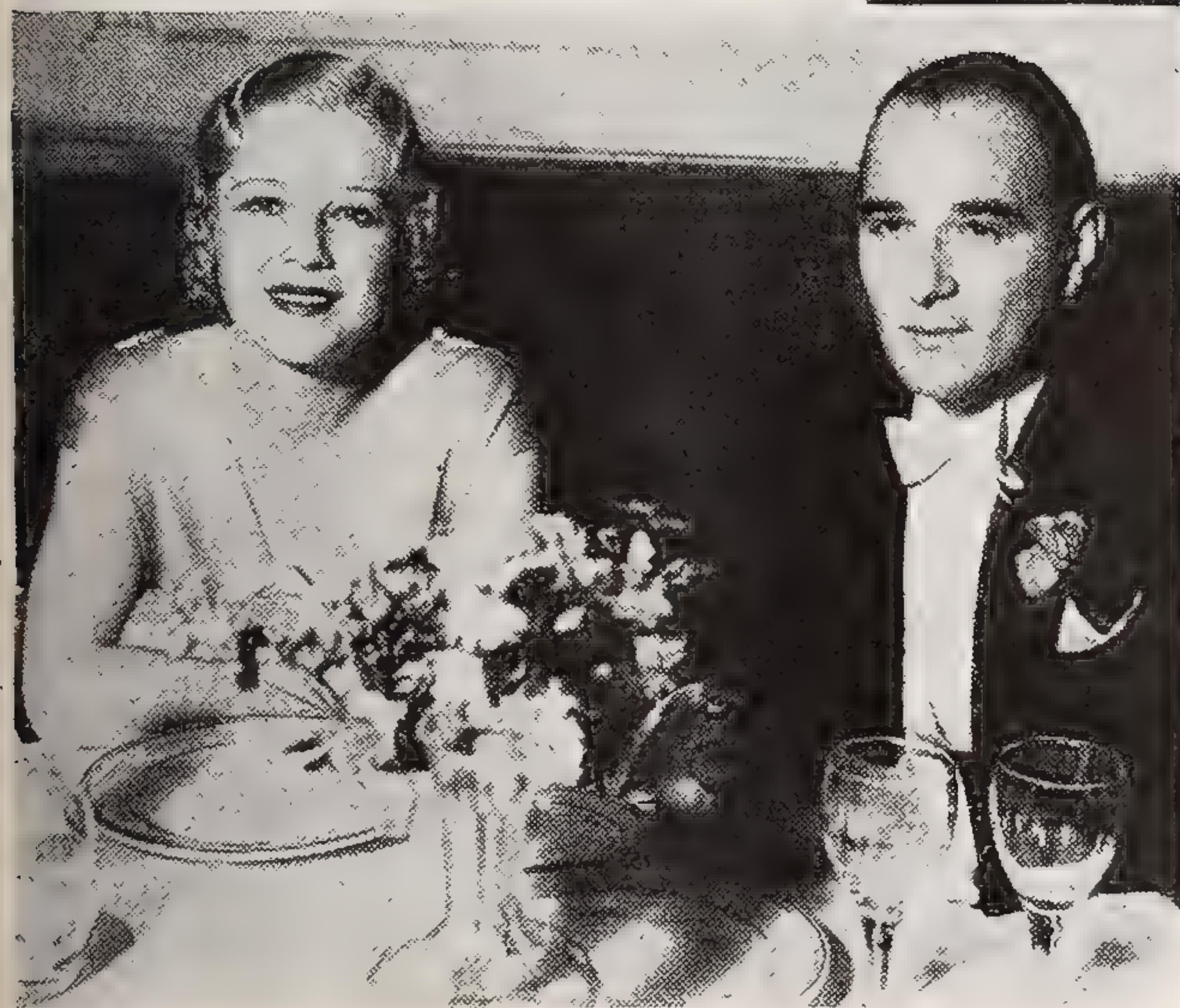


Wide World

Dick Powell and Mary Brian. Just how safe is he with Mary?

me just the other day. "I never step out on Bob, and I expect him to keep the same faith with me. We aren't much for night-clubbing, preferring to spend our evenings at his home or mine with a few mutual friends discussing his work and the new books (which I never read), but I'm a darned good listener, and I've lived long enough to know that men like to do most of the talking anyway." Bob Riskin adapted both "Lady for a Day" and "It Happened One Night" for the screen and that makes him the Best. And it was Glenda who suggested that hilariously funny hitch-hiking sequence in "It Happened One Night"—so we're all for encouraging the romance of Farrell and Riskin.

OOOo—lookie—there's Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond at a table with Margaret Lindsay and Philip Reed, that tall, dark and handsome man who was such a



Wide World

Glenda Farrell and Bob Riskin. They're both clever and really in love—"going steady."

hit in "Glamour." (Mae West is going to get you, Philip, if you don't watch out.) Margaret Lindsay and Janet Gaynor have been pals ever since they met each other on the Fox lot. The Lindsay-Philip Reed romance is sort of new and I just can't

Is Hollywood KILLING ITS LEADING MEN?

By Beatrice MacDonald



At the completion of "When Ladies Meet," Robert Montgomery, worn out after four years of practically uninterrupted work, was rushed to a hospital for an operation. Myrna Loy at right.

THE three out-standing matinee screen idols of to-day are Clark Gable, Fredric March and Robert Montgomery. There are a number of runner-ups of course, but these three boys not only have to make pictures in which they themselves play the stellar rôles, but also have to try to fit themselves into a schedule which will permit them to support as many of the lady stars as is humanly possible. As a result—each one of them feels that it is only a question of time before he, in all probability, will crack under the physical strain!

A few days before Robert Montgomery left Hollywood for a short vacation East, he was making three pictures at the same time. The work involved in playing the leading rôle in one movie is no easy task, but the gruelling battle one individual has to undergo in order to complete three featured parts in three entirely different cinema epics at the same time puts him in a class with a gent by the name of Hercules. When Bob left the studio the last day, he found himself on the point of collapse. He was so exhausted that he didn't care if he never saw a camera again. His first vacation in a year and a half loomed ahead like a dream of Paradise.

They called him in to the Sanctum Sanctorum where the

Powers That Be and Are sit around a glossy mahogany table conveniently set with solid gold ash trays and inlaid boxes of genuine Corona Coronas.

"Bob," they said, "have a cigar."

"I don't smoke cigars, thank you," answered Bob, with the utmost politeness.

The sunlight came streaming into the room in the form of money bags and the dollar sign.

"We want you to be on the set tomorrow at nine," they said. "You're going to make the first picture under that fine



This is a scene from "Farewell to Arms," with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. It serves to illustrate how Gary worked until his health broke and he was forced to leave the studio.

new contract you've just signed with us. We need the picture right away. The booking department is screaming for it.

It's a great story, and we expect to make a million on it."

"Well," said Bob, "You can hold me to my contract if you want to. I won't try to get out of it. If I did, you would sue me. I'll be on the set at nine tomorrow if you insist. I'll probably be able to finish it, too. So you can make your million, if it's there. But all I want to say is this, unless you let me get on that train to-morrow and get away for a complete rest, I will either be dead or in a hospital by the time the picture is done. You've got four important pictures all set up for me to make this year. What's going to happen to them? It's entirely up to you."

Every Beautiful Star Demands Gable, March, Cooper or Montgomery—And There's the Difficulty.

Bob came East on his vacation. Prior to the visit he made here over a year ago, he had found it utterly impossible to get away from Hollywood for a stretch of over four years. When he arrived in New York, he went immediately to his farm in upper New York State. He hasn't even got a telephone in this early Colonial homestead of his, for he has kept this place as the only real refuge in which he can completely relax and recuperate his strength. Part of the house was built in 1812, and Bob played in the surrounding countryside as a boy. It is his real home.

All of his admirers will remember how wan and haggard he looked in "When Ladies Meet." He had finished the picture previous to that one, late one evening, and had started work on "When Ladies Meet" the next morning. On the completion of the comedy in which he gave one of his best performances, he was rushed to the hospital for an operation.

"One has to work under such terrific nervous pressure," he said in describing the collapse, "that before you realize it the whole question of your health goes up in a grand blow out. Your teeth begin to fall out; you suddenly discover you have a bad appendix; your digestion has gone to Hell in a hand-basket, your hair starts flying off—and you just wake up one day to find you're falling to pieces." "Time means everything to the movie producers," he continued. "Everything in Hollywood is run at such terrific speed, that it is a wonder to me how any of us survive. I have spent over a hundred hours in the projection room looking at tests of men who were being considered as future screen stars. The producers all have the idea that some form of miracle will happen. When we fellows who are being pulled around now, making our own features, and being borrowed for women stars of other companies and our own, have finished our drawing power, who is going to take our place? They don't know out there—and they don't seem to care."

"When I finish my work as a player, I want to stay in the business. Either as a director or producer—or on the stage. The profession is all I know. I have tried over and over again to



After his trip to the hospital, Clark Gable receives a visit from Jean Harlow, while Mrs. Gable watches over her man.

The sick man. Gable supporting Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady."

form some sort of group that could step into our shoes. I worked out a plan whereby the film producers would have, at their disposal, trained stock actors in a short space of time. I had arranged with the managers of well-known theatrical stock companies to pay a small weekly salary to the most promising members of their groups. The film companies would pay an additional small salary—enough to have the player live decently while learning the profession. In two or three years, we could

weed out the best of the group, and they could commence work in the studios. When I submitted the plan to the movie heads, they said, "It's a swell idea, Bob. But we haven't got the time! We can't wait two or three years." We need leading men now, and if we can't find them—why you and Gable and March, and maybe a couple of others will have to [Continued on page 62]

PICTURES SHOOTING



(Left above) Leila Bennett and Dick Powell in "Dames."

(Right above) Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie in "Thank Your Stars."

ANY number of really IMPORTANT pictures in production this month. Probably the most important is Bing Crosby's new film—"She Loves Me Not." I say this is the most important for several reasons. First, it is adapted from the most riotously funny farce New York has seen this season, secondly because Bing plays the lead and, with the vogue he is enjoying at



Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby and Warren Hymer in action for the film made of "She Loves Me Not," the Broadway stage success.

present, anything he does is important. Every one of his pictures has been held over for a second week during its Los Angeles engagement and in these times that is almost unprecedented; and thirdly, because it is directed by Elliott Nugent who gave us the phenomenally successful "Three Cornered Moon." "She Loves Me Not" also boasts the presence of Miriam Hopkins . . . if you care.

It is the story of a chorus girl (la Hop) who witnesses a murder in a Philadelphia night club while doing her turn. Afraid she will be held as a material witness she

runs away in her dancing costume, which consists mostly of a couple of beads. All she has on over it is her coat and hat. She takes a bus for New York but finds she has only enough money to get her as far as Princeton.

In hiding all day, without food, she gazes longingly through the windows of a room where Bing (a student) is studying and munching cake. When she can stand it no longer, she knocks on his door.

Bing, hearing her story, decides some-

thing must be done. He figures if other boys help him hide her he won't get into so much trouble; so he enlists the aid of his tap-dancing pal, Eddie Nugent, who lives above him. They give Miriam a haircut and shave—no! I'm wrong—just a haircut, and then doll her up in some of Eddie's clothes—Bing's are too flowing on her—and hide her in the dormitory.

Eventually Warren Hymer (who committed the murder) tracks her down and calls while the boys are out. He is determined to "take her for a ride" so she won't be able to squeal. Afraid she'll scream while he's getting her out of the dormitory, he starts choking her. As he chokes her, Miriam begins a tap dance. That's a signal to Bing (below) that she wants something. Warren, dragging the half conscious Hop to the door, finds that in the scuffle his suspenders have broken and his trousers are wadded up around his ankles. He pauses to consider this new problem and lets Miriam down to the floor. Just then Bing bursts in, takes in things

at a glance and gives Warren a push that sends him sprawling (account of his trousers being in the way). As Warren starts to rise, Bing hits him and he drops back to the floor unconscious.

"What was he trying to do to you?" Bing asks Miss Hopkins, who is struggling back to consciousness.

"He's a gun-man from Philadelphia," she gasps. "Get his guns off him!" Together they spring to the search of Warren, Bing below him and Miriam above.

News of the Studios All Over Hollywood and the New Pictures in Work.

By S. R. Mook



"100% Pure" has Jean Harlow as star and Franchot Tone opposite.



wants him—in the picture. DON'T miss this one.

Plenty of others shooting at Paramount this month, too.

There is "The Old-Fashioned Way" starring W. C. Fields and his bulbous nose. It's all about an old reprobate (Fieldsie) who takes his company, "The Drunkard," on a barnstorming tour of one night stands, playing the lead himself. They're sometimes one jump ahead of the sheriff, sometimes two steps behind him, but he's always close by. Just at present they are on a train (period of 1878) en route to their next engagement. Naturally, they're riding in a day coach. Mr. Fields is positively magnificent in a frock coat, a black overcoat with a moth-eaten brown fur collar, gloves, cane and a gray topper.

Beside him sits Judy Allen who is playing his daughter.

"I like the topography of this country," Mr. Fields murmurs, gazing out the window at the flying landscape. "Some day in the near future I should like to put up a \$40,000 mansion hereabouts. It's—"

"What have you under your foot, daddy?" Judy murmurs sweetly.

"It's very picturesque, this country," Bill goes on reminiscently. I—why—wh—what?" he breaks off suddenly realizing Judy has spoken to him.

"What have you under your foot?" she repeats.

[Continued on page 74]

Peggy Wood, at right, makes her screen debut in "Handy Andy," the Will Rogers' piece.

What a cast they have for this picture!

"SHE LOVES ME NOT"

Paul Lawton.....	Bing Crosby
Curly Flagg.....	Miriam Hopkins
Midge Mercer.....	Kitty Carlisle
Gus McNeal.....	Lynne Overman
Buzz Jones.....	Eddie Nugent
Mugg Schnitzel.....	Warren Hymer
Dean Mercer.....	Henry Stephenson
Frances Arbuthnot.....	Judith Allen
J. Thorval Jones.....	George Barbier
Mrs. Arbuthnot—	
	Maude Turner Gordon
Martha.....	Margaret Armstrong
J. B.....	Ralf Harolde
Baldy Schultz.....	Vince Barnett
Andy.....	Matt McHugh

Judith Allen plays the girl Bing is engaged to, Kitty Carlisle is the girl who gets him and Miriam Hopkins is the girl who



W. C. Fields, the bibulous comic, in "The Old-Fashioned Way."

"Where's that Ball and Chain?"



"Twenty Million Sweethearts" is a joyous picture for Dick. But why does he want his contract changed to permit matrimony?

Is Dick Powell Seriously Looking For An Angel?

By Carlisle Jones

Dick has been her interested escort on numerous occasions.

But to a suggestion that they may be seriously intending to marry, both principals shake their heads. And smile.

Dick's name has been linked romantically with that of Ginger Rogers.

"Nothing to it," says Dick, a little sharply. "Ginger is my friend."

Jean Muir, the tall, blonde young actress who has come along in pictures almost as fast as Dick, can be freed of suspicion quickly. Jean is much too busy with her career to think of matrimony—with anybody, even Dick Powell, were he so inclined.

This disposes of most of Dick's "girls," but does not explain just why he has suddenly asked to have the part of his agreement which restricts his right to marry, revoked.

There is a possibility that the very arrangement by which it was hoped he would be kept "eligible for marriage" yet of necessity single, has acted as a boomerang. Perhaps when the girls learned that it was an enforced bachelordom he enjoyed, they turned their attention, regretfully, no doubt, to less restricted males.

Whatever it is, one thing is certain: Dick Powell has had a change of heart. It was only a few weeks ago, not long after he signed the contract which he now wants to change, that he came out publicly with a stirring defense of single blessedness.

"I'm not going to marry anybody," he replied to the point blank question, "now or any time in the future."

It just doesn't make sense, anyway you put it together.

The young man from the Ozarks is just as level-headed in business matters as he is in love. Since his high school days he has never been without a job save for one disastrous season when he tried to "get rich quick" in Florida without any success. He got out of that venture with just money enough to buy a ticket back to Indianapolis where a job awaited him, and to purchase a bunch of bananas which supplied him his breakfasts, lunches and dinners on the way home. He has never eaten a banana since.

Much has been told and written about the fact that he collected nickels out of telephone pay stations for the Little Rock Telephone Company as a youth, that he sang in choirs, and played in orchestras around the Middle West.

But little or nothing has been said about his activities as an insurance salesman in Indianapolis, until just recently, when he was reminded of it by a telegram questionnaire from that city. Off and on Dick

[Continued on page 62]

SOME people marry in haste and repent at leisure. It isn't like that with Dick Powell.

He agreed, hastily, *not* to marry at all for at least a year, and now that he has had time to think the matter over thoroughly—and leisurely—he has repented and wants to renege.

"It isn't that I expect to get married, either before the time limit is up or afterwards," he explains a little lamely it seems, "but I want to be free to do so if I change my mind."

Dick knows as well as anybody that the clause in the contract he signed with Warner Brothers, by which he agreed not to marry before January 1, 1935, probably couldn't be strictly enforced. But it was, as Dick explains it, a gentlemen's agreement—put in writing. Studio officials were serious about it and so was Dick—at the time. It was felt that at this stage in Dick's promising career, it would be best for him to remain single, presumably a "fair catch" for any ambitious girl among his admirers.

Now Dick has upset the whole proceedings by asking, belatedly and a little embarrassedly, to be relieved of his bargain.

"Who," everybody asks everybody else

in Hollywood, "is the girl?"

"There isn't any, really," declares Dick, and although nobody believes him, he sticks to the story.

Everybody agrees that it might be Mary Brian. Dick has been squiring Mary about, more or less regularly, for nearly two years. Both of them have always contended that it was friendship and not love in their case.

"Mary is a charming girl," Dick assures his questioners, "a lovely girl, a great companion. But I'm not expecting to marry anybody."

Perhaps, someone suggests, it is Maxine Doyle—a cute little Irish girl who arrived in Hollywood recently from Washington, D. C., where for three years she had been mistress of ceremonies at the Earle Theater, during which time Dick Powell appeared there on a personal appearance tour—who has weakened his determination to remain single. They have been seen about together.

"Dick's just a pal," smiles Maxine. "He's good fun. We're friends, that's all."

Naturally some think it may be Margaret Lindsay who has caused Dick's sudden change of mind about that non-marriage contract. She's a beautiful girl and



A Gallery for PICTURE FANS



Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler at Laguna Beach.



RUBY KEELER

HER next picture is "Dames" with Dick Powell. Ruby finds the sport of surf fishing fascinating and the fish must look in vain for legs more precious than Ruby's.



Gary Cooper, who was also at M-G-M, making "Operative 13" with Marion Davies, called upon William Powell and Myrna Loy on "The Thin Man" set.



WILLIAM POWELL

"**M**ANHATTAN MELODRAMA" was Bill's first at M-G-M, but he is too good a trouper to let a little thing like a change in studios upset the suave elegance of his style. It was in 1923 that William first saw the shadows and there has never been another with as great a degree of shrewd controlled menace as he. The honor-winning "One Way Passage" was a tribute to him. He will next make "The Thin Man"—a fine part. Bill is the wit of Hollywood. One day the arrival of the ladies spoiled a story and Bill sadly deleted the punch of his narrative. As it fell flat, he smiled and quoted Iris March: "I died for Purity." Quick and clever, that's Bill.



John Boles and Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters."



Knitted caps are so smart, and Ann proves it.



John Miehle

ANN HARDING

CROSSES mark the spots. Ann Harding in a bathing suit about to plunge into her own hilltop pool. Ann, a natural blonde, has the subtlety of color—the natural peachy bloom that makes her bleached sisters grow pale with envy.

NEW PICTURES

The Latest Films Are Running to Masterpieces and the Heroes Are Running to Mustaches.



Irene Dunne and Richard Dix in "Stingaree."



Richard Dix as the mustached bandit in "Stingaree."

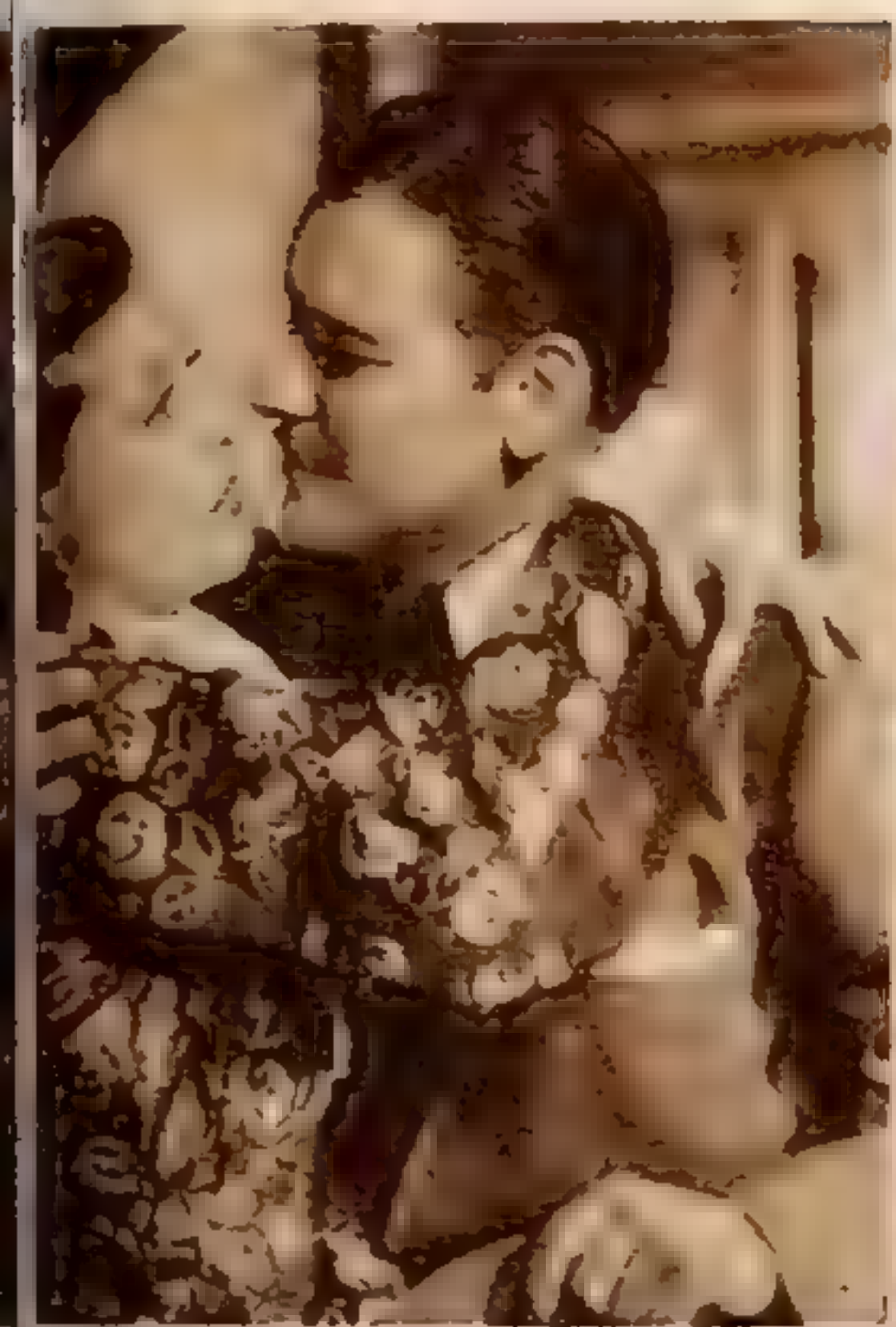


Lionel Barrymore as Otto Kruger in "Treasure Island" and Wallace Beery as the parrot as they sail the Spanish Main.



"Treasure Island" and Jackie Cooper swarming aloft.

What are IMPORTANT



Ronald Colman and Loretta Young.



Kenneth Alexander

Tea in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

GE, bos'uns and pirates bold will make "Treasure Island" a marvellous picture. What a grand idea to give the spot to chorus and girlie pictures and to pipe Lionel more and Wallace Beery on deck with the jolly roger flung to the breeze.

INGAREE," the new Irene Dunne-Richard Dix picture, is a great story of a famous Australian bandit.

HN BARRYMORE discovered a great actress Carole Lombard and a part in "Twentieth Century."

TER a long vacation Ronald Colman (who screen mustaches they are today) re- in a new Bulldog umond story. The scene ce shows an Englishman e o'clock of any after- and Loretta Young as e ream in his coffee— pardon, Ronnie—tea. Rightol



Irving Lippman



Above, Carole Lombard in "Twentieth Century" and at left, John Barrymore and mustache with Carole.

It's Easier to Make



It is "Isle of Fury" and Bill Powell is furious because all Maxine Doyle says is —"You tickle."



Marion Davies clings with abandon to Gary Cooper in "Operator 13."



Love in the Summer Time

The June moonlight overcomes each screen lover. His innamorata is swept into his arms by a force greater than he—the Casting Director.

THE "clinch close-up" is as necessary to a picture as a heroine, and month in and month out, the leading lovelies win their men, get kissed and call it a day. But into the studios steals a more romantic atmosphere as summer comes over the mountains, and the conquering males work with a gayer ardor—ardor and harder.

Howard and Frances Dee held together by the most serious form "Of Human Bondage."

4) In "Manhattan Melodrama," Clark Gable and Jeanette Lloyd put their heads together—what will they think up—?

Claire Dodd kayos Pat O'Brien in "The Personality Kid"—her heart was in her work.



"Come On

Jean Howard's suit is a "Sea Tweed"—Bullock's, Los Angeles. Linda Parker's suit is "The Dolphin"—Best & Co., New York. Mary Carlisle's suit is a "Brassette" model—J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles. Ruth Channing's suit is a "Sea Tweed"—Rothschilds, Oklahoma City. Muriel Evans' suit is a "Penguin" model—Marshall, Field & Co., Chicago. Kay English's suit is a "Sea Tweed"—John Wanamaker Men's Store, Philadelphia, Pa. Una Merkel's suit is a "San Tropez" model—Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo. All models mentioned are by B. V. D.

Jean Howard, wearing her choice for beach and breakers, a striped pull-over shirt over a "Sea Tweed" suit.



A "Sea Tweed" suit is worn by Ruth Channing, one of M-G-M's beauties. She selected a chevron pattern in two-color stripes.

Little Linda Parker wears "The Dolphin," a suit of "Perlknit" fabric with straps in contrasting color.

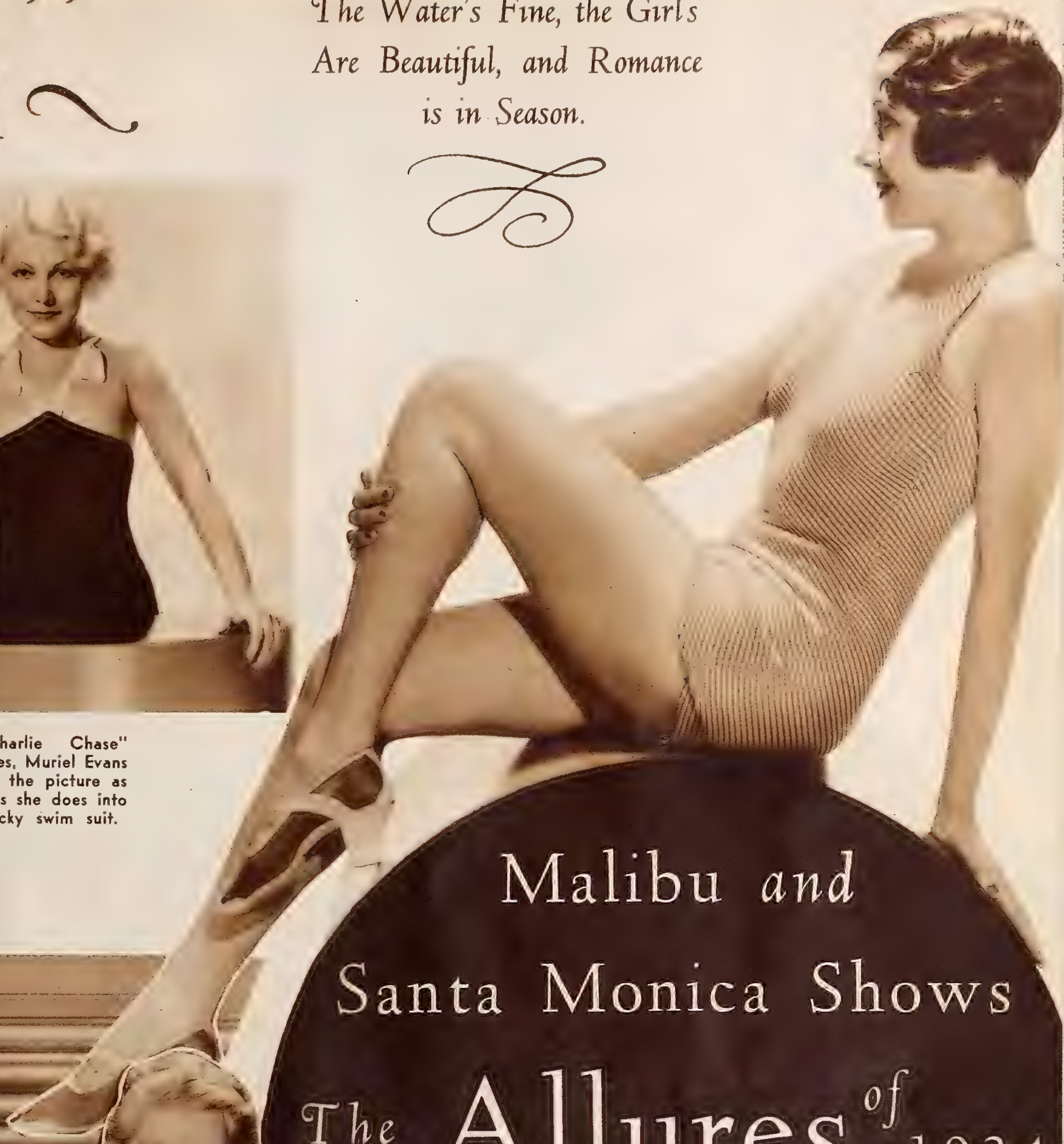


In

The Water's Fine, the Girls
Are Beautiful, and Romance
is in Season.



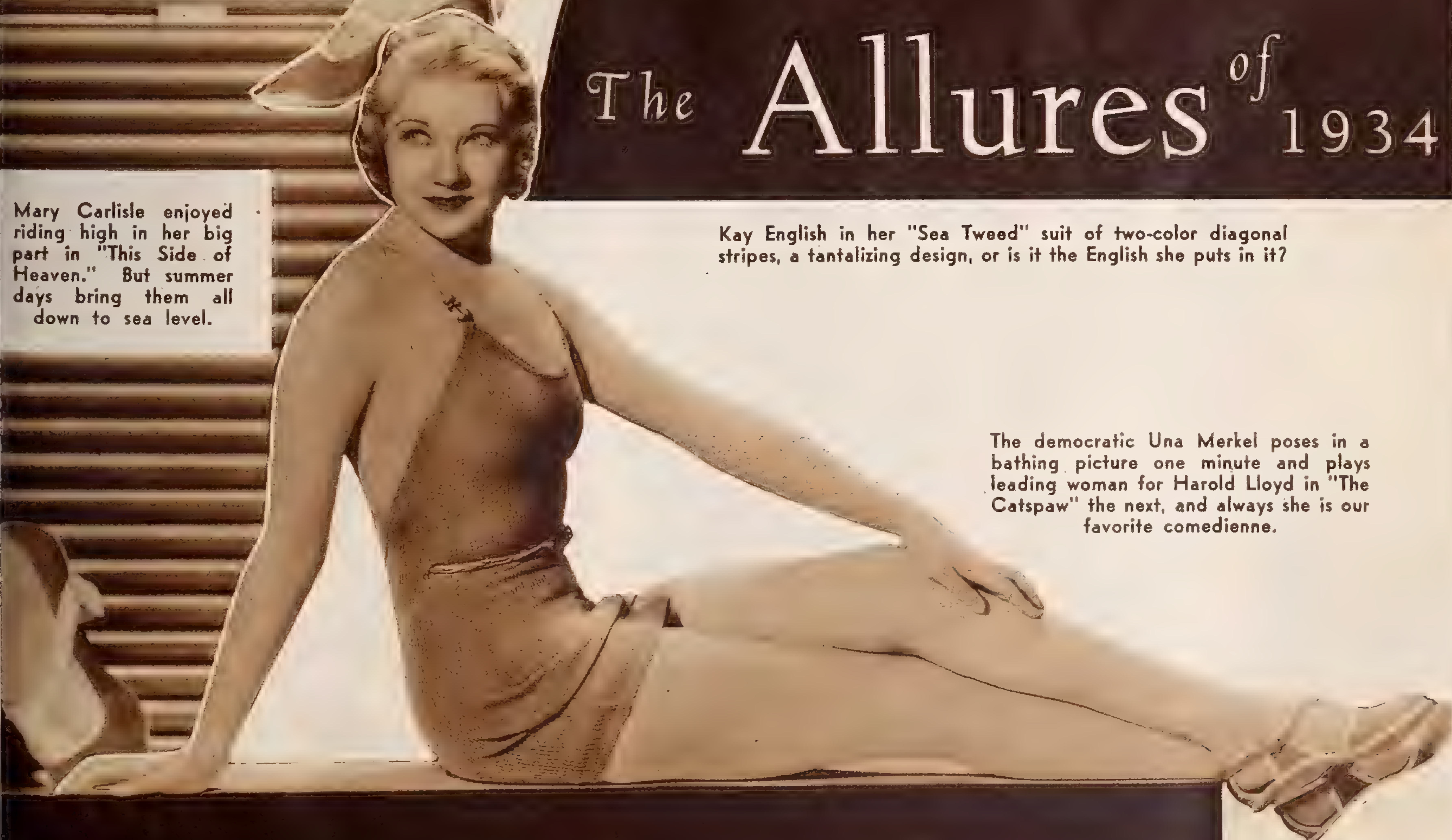
In "Charlie Chase" Comedies, Muriel Evans fits into the picture as neatly as she does into her tricky swim suit.



Malibu and Santa Monica Shows The Allures^{of} 1934

Mary Carlisle enjoyed riding high in her big part in "This Side of Heaven." But summer days bring them all down to sea level.

Kay English in her "Sea Tweed" suit of two-color diagonal stripes, a tantalizing design, or is it the English she puts in it?



The democratic Una Merkel poses in a bathing picture one minute and plays leading woman for Harold Lloyd in "The Catspaw" the next, and always she is our favorite comedienne.

"Dressing Up" for

All Hollywood Has Gone
to the Attic Rummaging
Over Gaudy Dresses
Gay Wenchies With
Practically No More
At All.



Veree Teasdale
adds to
beauty of
costume,
particularly
gorgeous
frilled crepe
which you
see in "Du Barry"



Katherine De Mille supporting
Mae West in her new picture.

In "Madame Du
Barry" — Dolores
Del Rio in a go-
geous gown of the
period.

Mary Boland in vel-
vet and spangles for
"Stingaree."

e New Costume Pictures

HIS gorgeous dress of Mary Boland's is worn in "Stingaree." In the picture she is a wealthy matron of Australia in the '70's. Mary Boland has been kind all her life—once she did a favor at the Empire Theatre in New York and received a young man's blessing. Her reward is her lovely expression and a million friends.

LORES DEL RIO has a Warner contract and is at work on a picture based on the life of "Madame Du Barry," whose beauty charmed the eyes of men until they surrendered their hearts into her lovely hands.

HE return to the old gambling and liquor of the Gay '90's finds Mae West trailing behind Mae West who led the procession. Her new picture, "It Ain't No Sin," is costumed in the style of the Gibson Girl. In this picture, also considerably padded, is Katherine Mille, who has already made a name in "Viva" and "The Carpet Blows."

"It Ain't No Sin" is a story of early days in New Orleans and Mae West fills out the character nicely.





ROCHELLE HUDSON

Otto Dyar

THE Oklahoma girl has her big chance at last in "Nine Million Women," with Warner Baxter. She has only been in a few pictures, but made a real success in "Are These Our Children?" Rochelle is five feet three inches tall, but high enough to reach the top rungs of fame.





WILL ROGERS

MADELEINE CARROLL

AMERICA'S "Hoss Sense Philosopher," Will Rogers, is said to be a better box office attraction than Garbo. His next picture, "Handy Andy," is coming soon. With him as he strolls from the Fox Studio restaurant is Madeleine Carroll, England's most beautiful token payment.





John Miehle

SIDNEY BLACKMER

Great in "This Man Is Mine."



Ernest A. Bachrach

SIDNEY FOX

Back to stay this time.



Hurrell

HELEN VINSON

"The Life of Vergie Winters" is next for Helen.



JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

"Viva Villa" rediscovered him.

Lovable Charm

Ruby Keeler's beauty proves to be irresistible to Dick Powell in their new Warner Bros. picture "Dames".
Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.



POWDER... Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours.

LIPSTICK... Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof... it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.

ROUGE... Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Exquisitely fine, and creamy-smooth like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.

Ruby Keeler

Enhances the Radiance of Her
Beauty with Color Harmony Make-Up

YOU are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too... but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder,

rouge and lipstick harmonized in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.



Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

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Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐		

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Dolores keeps this waist-length cape of brilliant orange velvet handy to wrap around her cool shoulders. It is military in cut, and oh, so modern!



For luncheon or tea or the casual weekend journey, she chooses this chic but extraordinarily simple black and white print in an all-over design, over which she throws a loose, graceful wrap of scarlet wool crêpe.



Ready for any of Hollywood's summer sport events in this individual tailored suit fashioned from brown and white silk diagonal check. Dolores' love for startling contrast is satisfied by the dark brown silk blouse with its effective metal clasps.



DOLORES DEL RIO

DOLORES DEL RIO can be forgiven for meditating on her own sophisticated loveliness in this svelte white pebble crêpe dinner gown which she has chosen for summer evenings. After all, isn't it a delightful compromise between the extremely decorative costumes she will soon be seen wearing in "Du Barry" (the mistress of Louis the 15th) and the—shall we say—lack of costume called for in her rôle of Rima, the bird-girl in "Green Mansions," a tale of the South American Pampas, which is to follow?

GOOD TASTE vs. Hollywood FASHIONS

*Stars Off Screen Do Not Kowtow To The Couturièrs
Of The Studio.*

By Lenore Samuels

TIME was when Hollywood was being spoken about (in Hollywood) as a deadly rival of Paris, but the big stars nipped that still nebulous idea in the bud by openly coming to New York to replenish their personal wardrobes in the Fall or in the Spring, or taking a quick trip to Paris with that idea in mind if their time permitted it.

Perhaps when the clever studio dress designers paid attention to the results of these periodic treks across the continent, they decided to sit up and take notice. After all, if the most glamorous stars of the screen preferred to dress simply and as inconspicuously as possible in their private lives—it must be a sign of the times, the aftermath of the Depression, and a portent of the days to come. That is, psychologists might see all these signs in the passing of furbelows, but Hollywood designers might not see it that way entirely. For they simply adore dressing a screen character according to type without laying overmuch stress on the ultimate good taste of her accumulated wardrobe. So it may be to the stars, themselves, that we owe this striking metamorphosis of clothes on the screen.

It may be a long time before Hollywood designers reach the point where they will, without coercion, dress such players as Alice Brady and Billie Burke and not be tempted to resort to swathes of billowy chiffon and endless ruffles of crisp, fluttery organdy. It is their determination to have a sweet, feminine, fluttery character, such as Alice Brady and Billie Burke invariably play, "look" the part. And look the part they generally do, to the point where a frankly irritated audience has no other desire in the world but to choke them.

However, to balance these jittery, but extremely amusing females, thank goodness, we have such steady, dependable ladies as Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert. In one of her recent pictures, "This

Man Is Mine," Irene Dunne exhibited the very quintessence of smartness sartorially speaking, and did not seem to find it necessary to change her costume for every foot of film in order to do so.

The sports suits and charmingly simple evening gowns which she wears are so much a part of her own personality that you do not find yourself looking at *them* instead of at her.

Off the screen Irene can easily be recognized, because she is almost identical with her screen counterpart, except, of course, when she is called to step into the character of a by-gone day, as she must in "Stingaree," her latest film in which she plays opposite Richard Dix.

As for Claudette Colbert, we feel that she is deserving of a Carnegie Medal or at least a Victoria Cross or whatever it is that they give you for bravery on the field of battle. [Continued on page 64]

Two interesting snapshots. Joan Crawford (with Ric Cortez) on the M-G-M lot and Norma Shearer in Waterloo Station, London. They have on identical sports suits.



In "Riptide," the dresses designed for Norma Shearer were rather startling.



Mona Barrie is wearing a hat conceived in the brain of a Hollywood Fashion Specialist.



Irene Dunne was dressed charmingly in "This Man Is Mine" and her modish gown is a delight to women of taste.



REVIEWS

How the New Pictures
Rate and Why



"Twentieth Century" is a satirical picture of Broadway life, with John Barrymore in top form and Carole Lombard better than ever before.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Rating: 82° DE LUXE, FAST AND RECORD-BREAKING—Columbia

ONE of the best pictures of the year. Brilliant farce, brilliantly acted by John Barrymore and Carole Lombard, and already it has caused more talk around town than any picture since "It Happened One Night." It's got the perfect plot and the perfect cast, so why shouldn't there be raves and huzzahs and dancing in the streets. You've probably liked Carole Lombard for a long time, but now you'll simply go crazy about her, for she gives one of the most finished, amusing performances you've ever seen. And proves without a doubt that when Lombard is given a chance to act—she ACTS.

John Barrymore has the perfect Barrymore part and gives it all. His Oscar Jaffe will go down in movie history. Oscar Jaffe, big New York theatrical producer, is a composite picture of Belasco, Morris Gest, Jed Harris, and other geniuses of the stage, and Barrymore certainly ought to know how to impersonate them.



Marlene Dietrich's "Scarlet Empress" is another Catherine of Russia story.



Nancy Carroll is on the screen again with Otto Kruger in "Springtime for Henry."

Carole plays Lily Garland, a dumb little girl who can't act worth a tinker's damn until the great maestro takes charge of her and makes her the sensation of Broadway. But they quarrel, as emotional artists will, and Lily deserts Jaffe and goes to Hollywood, where she becomes a famous movie star. And then the real story begins—on the famous Twentieth Century, the crack train that rushes from Chicago to New



"The Affairs of Cellini" runs a temperature this month and takes first place. Fay Wray, Frank Morgan and Fredric March.

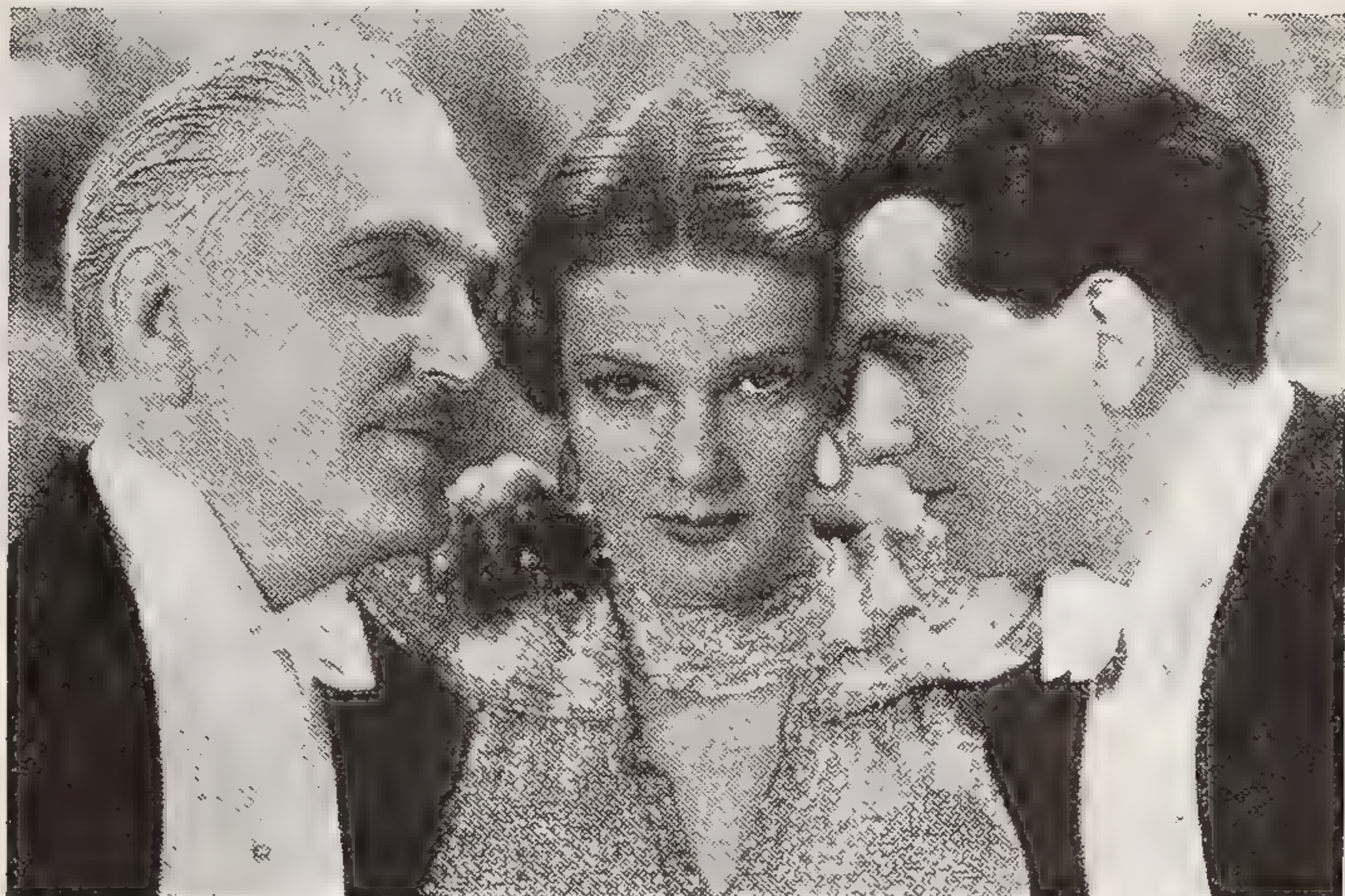
York in record-breaking time. (If you arrive in New York via any other train than the Twentieth Century you just aren't Somebody.) Lily is returning to New York for a vacation after her Hollywood success, and with her is Ralph Forbes, her newest boy friend. Also getting on the train in Chicago are Oscar Jaffe and his two publicity boys, played by Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns. Of course, the idea is to sign Lily up for Oscar's next play—but what havoc, what tantrums, what tearing of hair and screeching. There is one swell scene where Carole, as the temperamental Lily, starts kicking Mr. Barrymore right in the stomach. In fact, there are hilariously funny scenes throughout the picture. It's a *must see*.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI

Rating: 86° BRILLIANT COMEDY—*Twentieth Century*

THIS picture definitely establishes Frank Morgan as the Best. Imagine walking away with a picture that has Connie Bennett, Freddie March, and Fay Wray in it—but that's exactly what Frank Morgan does. As the bewildered, hen-pecked, and slightly dopey Duke of Florence, during the sixteenth century when the de Medicis were passing around poison as gayly as we pass the olives, Mr. Morgan is simply superb. Connie Bennett, brittle and beautiful, plays the Duchess, the real ruler of Florence, and when she hears of the brawn and bravery and virile accomplishments of Benvenuto Cellini gossiped about by the court, she plans to have the Florentine's great lover in her boudoir before sunrise.

Of course Freddie March plays the swaggering, enchanting Cellini, who for the nonce is completely captivated by the dumbest blonde in history, played by Fay Wray. And to add to the complication Duke Morgan's roving eye has also lit on Fay, and a rendezvous has been arranged



Frank Morgan is also the bright spot in "Sisters Under the Skin," with Elissa Landi and Joseph Schildkraut.

at the castle that very night. It all gets very complicated and hilarious, with Cellini stealing the Duke's blonde right out of his royal bed-chamber and leaving the Duchess cold in hers.

It's good old de Medici poison for Cellini after that. He decides the blonde Fay isn't worth it, so, at the brilliant banquet at which he is supposed to expire, he outwits the Duchess and tricks her into expressing her love for him. So there's a happy ending with the Duke and Duchess well pleased with their new playmates. Very smart and sophisticated comedy.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN

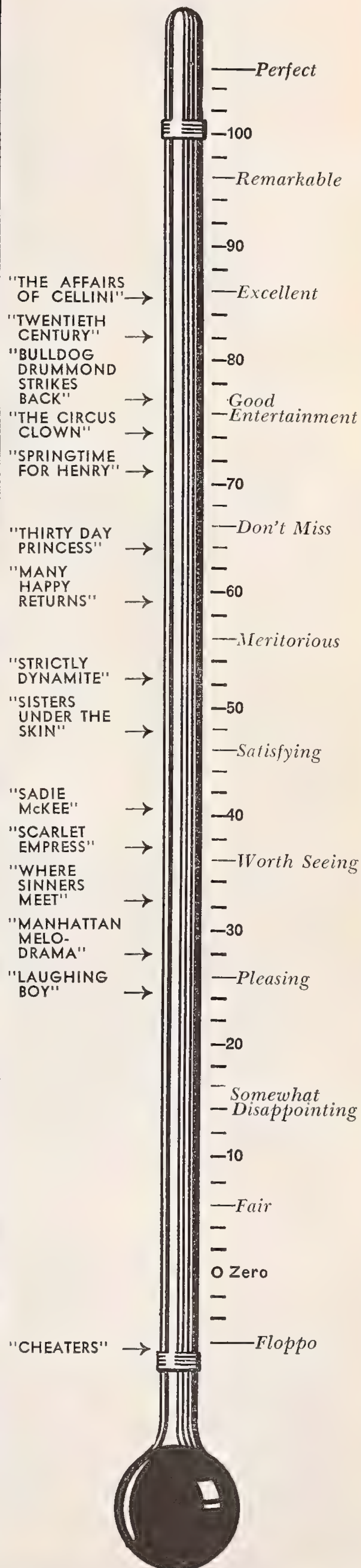
Rating: 48° A NEW HIGH IN LANDI—*Columbia*

HERE is one of those face-the-facts-of-life pictures which is as honest and dramatic and human as life itself. The picture can stand on its plot alone—but, in this case, it is far from necessary, as there are four exquisite performances, given by Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut and Doris Lloyd, so flawlessly truthful that you can't keep your own emotions from getting all wrought up. And don't ever let me hear you say Elissa is the cold type again. She is as warm and pulsatingly alive as her own heart.

The story is about a very wealthy man

[Continued on page 56]

SILVER SCREEN'S PICTURE THERMOMETER Degrees of Quality



NOW FOR PENGUINS!



Sketches made by Walt Disney in studying the comical little penguins from the South Pole.

Walt Disney Is Making a Silly Symphony With Funny Little Penguins.

While Walt holds a fish above "Peculiar Penguin," the cameraman takes motion pictures, for the artists to follow.

WALT AND MRS. DISNEY walked out of a motion picture theater on Larchmont Avenue in Hollywood and crossed the street to their parked automobile.

They found the car, a small coupe that had seen better days and many of them. Walt jerked off his hat and necktie and tossed them into the automobile. He stretched his released throat luxuriously and rumbled his hair. Disney was himself again! He flashed Mrs. Disney a quick smile of satisfaction.

The smile would have proved one thing to anyone who has worked with Walt: that he had not been to see a Disney picture previewed. After such previews he never smiles; and if he laughs it is the wild laughter of a desperate man. And the pity of it all, he will explain, is not that the picture was bad, but that he and his staff who failed so miserably are the same people who will make all his other pictures. Sad, isn't it?

Walt opened the door of the coupe and Mrs. Disney stepped in. He didn't close the door. He had seen something. He had vanished. Mrs. Disney looked out and

saw him standing with his face pressed against the window of a pet shop. She clicked the light switch, yawned, and settled herself for an uncomfortable half-hour with the evening paper. Walt never passes up a pet shop.

Before going to bed, Walt waded through a pile of National Geographics, blew the dust off several volumes of the encyclopedia, and said, "What?" every time Mrs. Disney spoke or coughed.

By three in the morning, Mrs. Disney had learned about penguins from Walt. To wit:

Penguins are nearly perfect cartoons of human beings both in characteristics of personality and appearance. They are fickle, brave, vain. They have tremendous bumps of curiosity and have a highly developed mob instinct.

THERE are nearly a hundred different Mickey Mouse products—toys, clothes, clocks, watches and so on, and as many more named after the "Three Little Pigs" and the "Big Bad Wolf." Before Christmas rolls around, Walt Disney's Penguin will be in the crib with baby and out on the porch with Junior. Disney has a magical key to the hearts of all the children in the world.

They are little Charlie Chaplins. Walt thinks Charlie Chaplin and penguins are swell.

A penguin proposes by offering his lady love a pretty stone. If she loves him, she accepts the stone; if she doesn't, she kicks it in his face. Penguin gold-diggers accept stones from all the boys and sometimes get enough stones this way to build their nest and feather it. Penguin parents leave their offspring with the old folks, while they go out to gad about.

These odd little web-footed birds toboggan on their breasts and ski by sliding down snowbanks standing up.

They steal from each other. They fight a la Punch and Judy. A husband will fight for the honor of his wife and, at the same time, carry on a clandestine affair with some other fellow's wife.

Before going into the water, the penguin colony pushes in one of its fellows. If a shark doesn't gobble up the martyr, then they all dive in. *Nize Babies!*

"Peculiar Penguins" will be released in June. Practically everybody, except Walt, will think that it's a first-class Silly Symphony.

"I Love Summer Clothes"

says Fay Wray

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

"With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

"That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux."

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.



Kalloch, Columbia stylist, discusses costumes and color with Fay Wray, lovely young star of Columbia's "BLACK MOON."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."

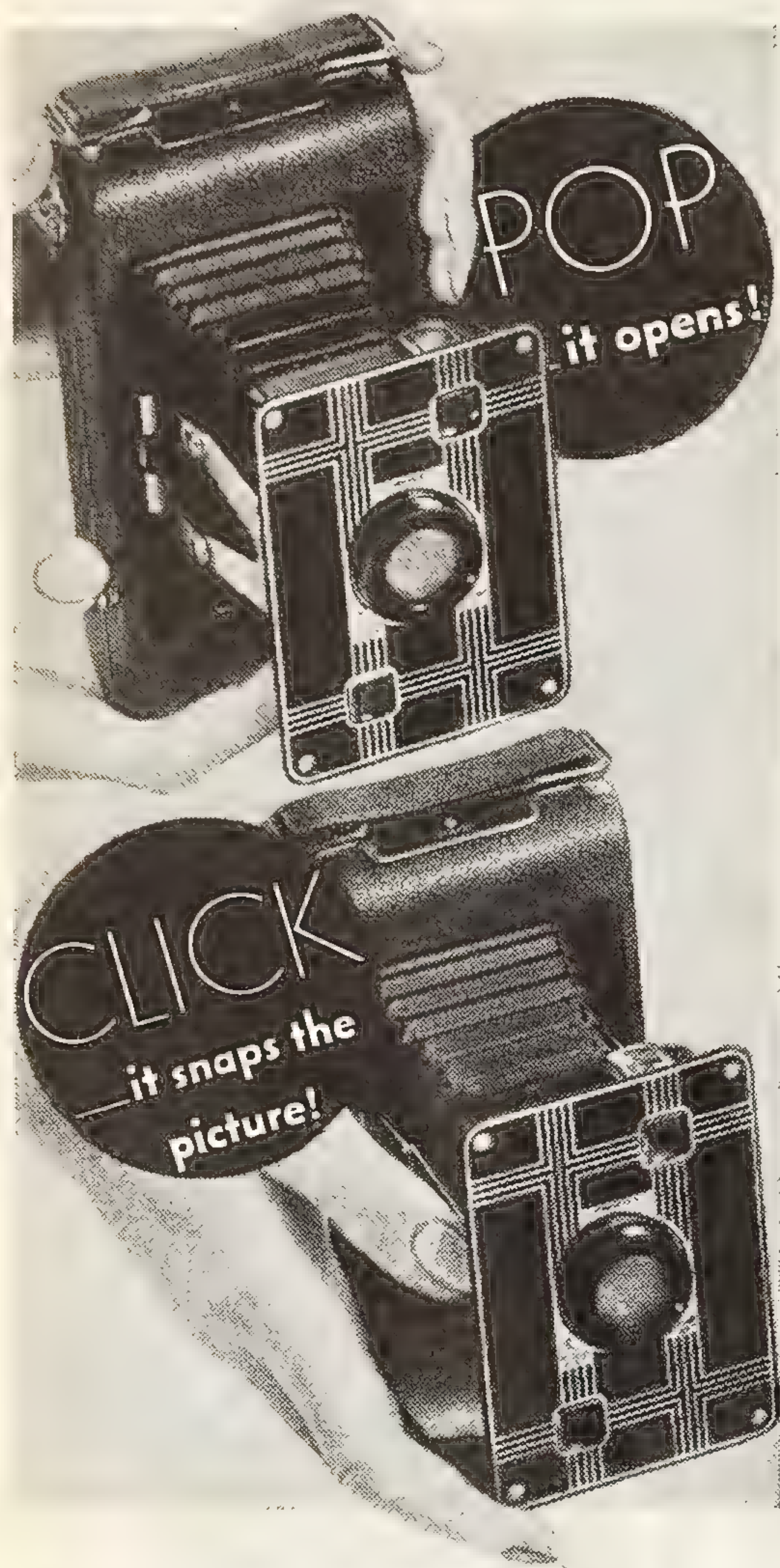


"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," FAY WRAY says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

So Easy...

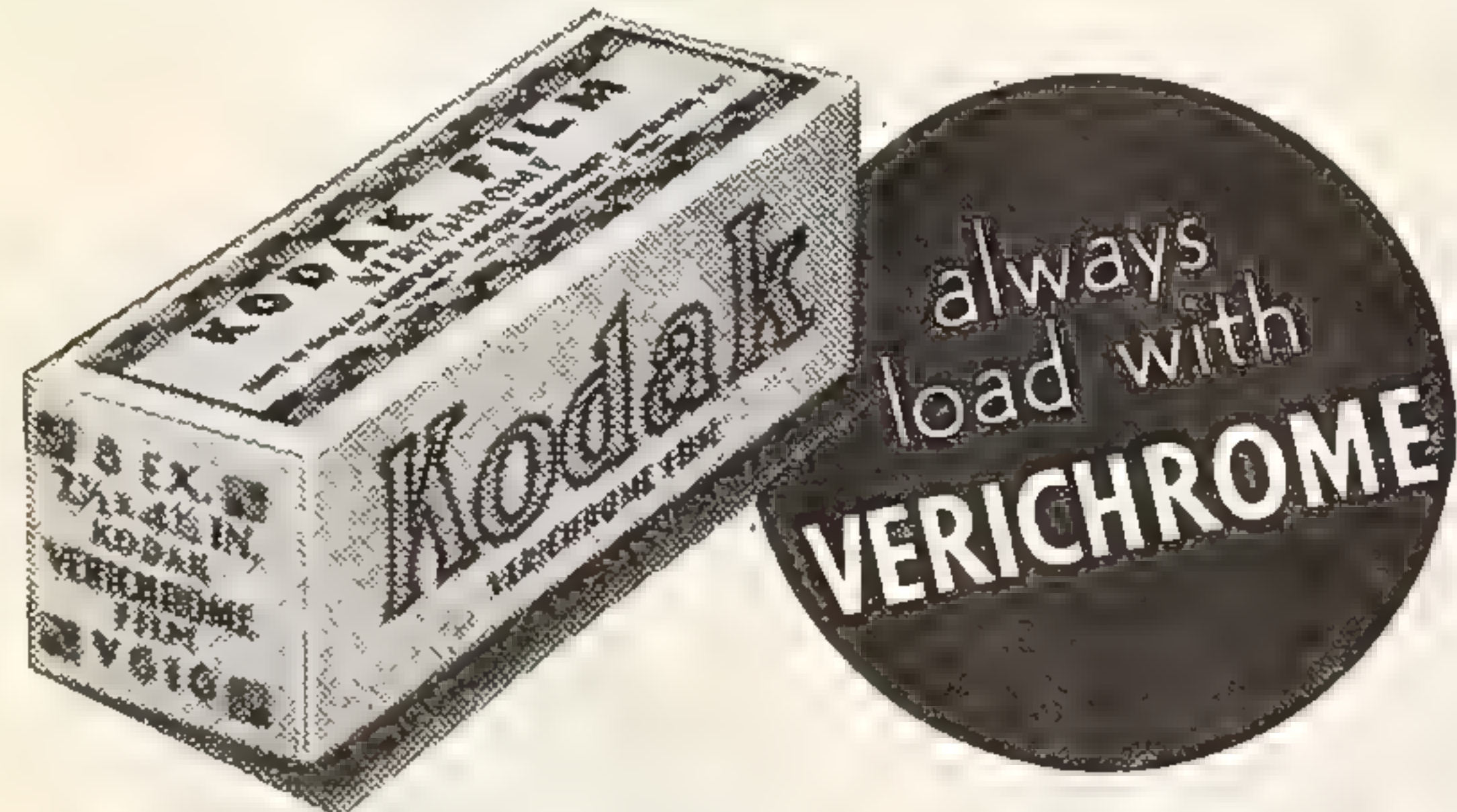
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with JIFFY KODAK
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YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

Reviews [Continued from page 53]

who reaches the age of fifty and discovers that he has millions but none of that *joie de vivre*. He yearns to play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," to roam the world in quest of adventure, and to recapture his youth in the love of a beautiful woman. Frank Morgan, who's just about the best, plays the millionaire, and Doris Lloyd plays his wife, who advises him to see a doctor when he expresses a desire to live.

So Frank finds sympathy and understanding and his lost youth in an actress, Elissa Landi, and is pathetically happy—until one day along comes Joseph Schildkraut, a mad, impetuous young composer. Frank realizes that the two thrilling young people were made for each other, so gallantly he relinquishes his claim on Elissa and returns to his wife—and age. One of the best of the serious pictures.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

Rating: 77° RONNIE'S HERE, GIRLS—
Twentieth Century

HERE'S a hey nonny nonny and a hot cha cha murder mystery which is just about the gayest, most delightful picture you have seen in years. That fascinating Ronald Colman again plays Bulldog Drummond, but this time with his tongue in his cheek and a naughty glint in his eye, and you'll just go cur-razy about him all over again.

Charles Butterworth is his side-kick and we don't have to tell you how droll the Butterworth humor is. Charlie has been given such perfect lines and puts them over so hilariously that he fairly walks away with the picture. Then, too, there's Loretta Young looking so beautiful that she just must be that "dream walking" that you've been singing about—and our favorite comedienne, Una Merkel, coyly luring Mr. Butterworth—and Warner Oland being so so sinister and oriental, and C. Aubrey Smith so grand and British. The cast is perfect, the dialogue is perfect, the direction perfect—oh, well, the whole darned thing is perfect.

Here's a bird's-eye view of the story—but don't think we're going to tell you all the fun. A rich oriental prince has slipped in a carload of furs on the "Bombay Girl," which he wishes to sell in England. The skipper of the boat is mysteriously murdered and his wife kidnapped—but it is the niece who has the valuable radiogram that tells the world that a sailor died of cholera on the boat. Loretta gives Ronnie the radiogram—which is in code—and the fun begins. There is a bell sequence which is just about the funniest thing ever seen in pictures. And what's more, along with all this comedy is a swell air of mystery. Oh, you'll like it—and you can safely bring all the family.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

Rating: 53° DISA AND DATA COMEDY—*RKO*

SCHNOZZLE DURANTE is given the key to the city this time and simply romps all over the place in the well-known Durante manner. Jimmy plays a funny man on the radio, with Lupe as his team mate, and that gives them both a swell chance to put over a couple of songs. The picture starts out with a nifty plot, but it sort of gets lost among the radio gags.

Norman Foster plays a serious young author who thinks he's writing serious stuff—but it's funny to everybody else. Marian Nixon, his wife, interests an agent, Bill Gargan, who gets Jimmy, the radio comic, to sign him up for several hundred

a week as his ghost-writer. Well, success goes to Norman's head, and Lupe leads him astray, and Marian's awfully upset about it all and turns to Gargan, who offers a willing shoulder for her to weep on. But of course in the last reel he sees the error of his ways.

Norman gives a grand performance as the bewildered young author. Light and amusing, and if you go for Durante you'll be entertained.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA

Rating: 28° DON'T BLAME THE CAST—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

CLARK GABLE'S last picture is rather disappointing—maybe it's just because we are sort of fed up with gangsters; even Dillinger rather bores us. Maybe you don't feel that way—and maybe you will like it. There's a prologue on a Hudson River boat, where we see a terrible fire and many people drowned. Among the rescued are two little sobbing boys, who, parentless after the tragedy, sort of pal together and bring themselves up on New York's famous East Side.

One boy is a born gambler and crook, the other has a high moral sense and great ambition to become a lawyer. They grow up, and sure enough the little boy who was the best crap shooter on Bleecker street turns out to be Clark Gable, who now operates a swanky gambling club. The studious little lad becomes none other than debonair William Powell, who is running for the office of district attorney. After all these years the boys meet again—and Myrna Loy, Clark's girl, falls desperately in love with Powell, the first real gentleman she has ever met. Of course, Clark kills a man in a debt argument and Bill has to try him for murder. And so it goes. It's good old melodrama, but we do like our comedy.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Rating: 59° GOOFY—*Paramount*

WELL, they turned Gracie loose on this one and she certainly runs riot. If you're one of the millions of Gracie Allen and George Burns' fans this is right down your alley, and what a laughing time you'll have of it. Gracie is completely gaga and doesn't keep her trap shut from beginning to end. George Barbier plays her poor suffering dad, who has her psycho-analysed, and the psycho-analyst decides that Gracie has a leaping libido or something and should marry George Burns, the radio announcer of Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

Mr. Barbier offers George ten dollars a mile to marry Gracie and take her as far away as possible, and as George is on his way to Hollywood with the Lombardo orchestra he takes Gracie along and figures out his mileage all the way across the continent, while Gracie disturbs everyone from an upper berth.

Well, it seems that Mr. Barbier's sane daughter, Joan Marsh, is on her way to Hollywood on the same train, having won a beauty contest and a studio contract. Rather than have her go into the movies, Mr. Barbier has her kidnapped along with her fiancé—and so, just as you suspected, the insane Gracie enters Hollywood as the Masked Beauty. Her goings-on at the studio are something elegant, and they can't keep her mouth shut long enough to have a perfect "take." Gracie then gets entangled with a couple of gangsters and, finally, Papa Barbier arrives and raises the ante to thirty dollars a mile if only George will take his goofy daughter to a foreign country.

[Continued on page 58]

*I'm sending some of the latest
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,
and wants to meet you.*

*Captain
a hot
So he
with
Sam*



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots



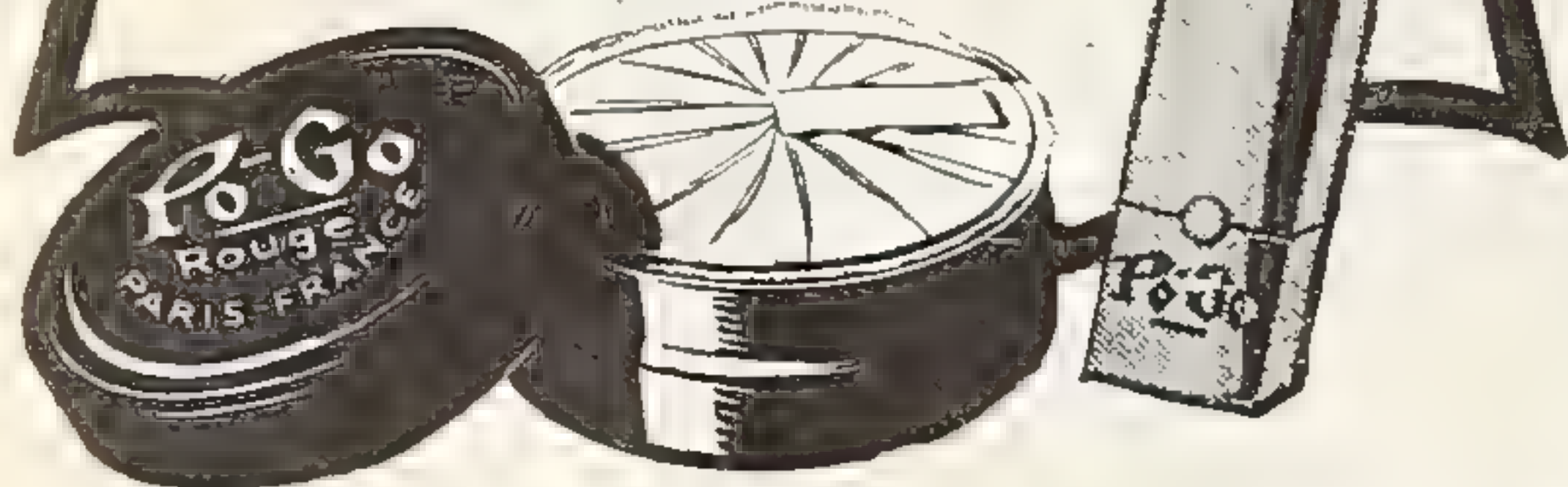
Stop Rouging! Start Beautifying!

Don't use rouge just to make your cheeks red. Use Po-Go Rouge to be more beautiful! Po-Go is hand-made in France. That's unique among rouges. So is the way Po-Go flatters you. It's so smooth that it blends correctly, every time. It lasts much longer. And its five Paris-styled shades include the one that's best for you.

Even though it's better, Po-Go costs only 60c! At all toiletry counters, where you can also see the new Po-Go Lipstick—extra-permanent, greaseless, and in a gay, slim case. 55c.

Rouge shades: Brique (naturelle); Ronce (raspberry); Vif (bright); Cardinal (brightest); Saumon (very light). Lipstick in Brique, Raspberry, Cardinal. At all stores or send cash to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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LOVELY EYES HOW TO HAVE THEM

GLORIFY your lashes—give them that long, lustrous look no man can resist. It's so easy. Just darken them with Winx Mascara (cake or liquid 75¢). Pure and safe—not a dye. Thousands of smart women have used Winx for years to beautify lashes. Also "dress" the brows with a Winx Pencil (35¢) and use Winx Eye Shadow (75¢) for smart make-up. Buy Winx Eye Beautifiers at all department and drug stores. For the most complete booklet

FREE

ever written on eye make-up, write for FREE copy of "Lovely Eyes" to Louise Ross, Dept. G, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS

Rating: 37° SYMBOLS AND CYMBALS AND NETS TO YOU—Paramount

ONE of the most spectacular, art-conscious pictures ever to escape the Hollywood workshops, but its magnitude, unfortunately, is rather wearying. Photographically and musically it is a beautiful production, but we of the Americas do like a bit of plot and good acting thrown into our cinema.

Marlene Dietrich is even more beautiful than ever and you are given ample opportunity to revel in her beauty, for one close-up follows another in startling rapidity, but some old meanie thought it would be a good idea to throw a net in front of the camera, and in time you become triple annoyed with those nets—just as you do with the constantly tolling bells and stampeding Cossacks. But maybe we're just an old vulgarian who doesn't appreciate Art.

Marlene, as you know, plays young Catharine of Russia, who later becomes the Empress when Louise Dresser dies. Sam Jaffe, looking very much like Harpo Marx, plays the Mad Peter, and John Lodge, through clenched teeth, plays the Russian ambassador who brings Marlene to the court and gives her her first lesson in love. More drama and fewer symbols and cymbals would be appreciated.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY

Rating: 71° AND A GOOD WOMAN DONE HIM WRONG—Fox

HERE is one of the most charmingly impudent comedies you have ever seen, with a naïve disregard for morals that is quite delightful. Henry, played by Otto Kruger, is an utterly enchanting young fellow who devotes his life to love and the pursuit of happiness. Naturally other men's wives are simply mad about him. But it's spring and Henry is restless. He notices that his secretary (Heather Angel) is attractive, and he makes the startling discovery that she is "good"—so he persuades himself that he is in love with her and should reform so that he might be worthy of her.

So Henry becomes as dull as dishwater, which simply infuriates Nancy Carroll, the wife of his dumb friend, Nigel Bruce, who is having one of those very gay and naughty affairs with him. And then the "surprise!" That "good" woman, the dull, pure secretary, walks off with the married and respectable Nigel Bruce, while Nancy takes Henry to a meeting at the Ray of Hope Mission, which results in his reformation. It's lots of fun.

Otto Kruger gives a grand performance as Henry, and Nancy Carroll plays beautifully and capably the young wife who has a yen for the debonair Henry. It's good to have Nancy back again after all these months and she looks like a million dollars.

SADIE McKEE

Rating: 41° CINDERELLA 1934 MODEL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

YOU'LL not be disappointed in the newest Joan Crawford picture—unless you're one of those dyed-in-the-wool Crawford fans who wants your Joan in every sequence. Joan sort of steps aside this time and gives all the big scenes to the rest of the cast—Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, and Edward Arnold—and we of the old die-hard school, who want our movie stars in every inch of the footage, rather resent this.

The plot is awfully reminiscent of other plots—dating back to Cinderella—but somehow we always seem to like it. Joan is a maid (and the daughter of the cook) in Franchot's rich daddy's house, but when

Franchot has her boy friend (Gene Raymond) fired for stealing or something, she throws the soup in his face literally and runs away to New York with Gene. Scared to death by the city the kids pick up Jean Dixon, one of those hard babies, in an automat and she pilots them to her boarding house, which is some dump. Gene and Joan plan to marry the next day, but Gene is a weak character and when Esther Ralston offers him a singing job in her act he walks out on Joan.

Disillusioned with life now, Joan gets a job in a speakeasy where, one night, she bumps into Franchot, who's trying to get his millionaire client, Edward Arnold, to go home and go to bed. But when the bibulous and sentimental Mr. Arnold meets Joan, there's nothing to do about it but he must marry her at once. Arnold's drunken scenes are the highlights of the picture as far as the comedy is concerned. Everything gets awfully serious later, with Joan divorcing Arnold to return to Gene, who's dying with tuberculosis—only to discover that it is Franchot she loves all the time. You just know Vina Delmar wrote it.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN

Rating: 75° GRAND ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNG AND OLD—Warners

JOE E. BROWN'S latest picture is a riot of fun from beginning to end, and when we say this we are saying something because we never before really liked Joe E. Brown. But now we're such an ardent Joe E. Brown fan that we're going to write him a fan letter. Why, we haven't laughed in years the way we did at his picture the other night.

Joe E. plays a half-baked, callow, country boy who's just got to get in the circus because it's in his blood (his old man was "the man on the flying trapeze.") So he runs away from home and gets a job man-icuring lions and elephants in a big circus. Straightway he falls in love with Miss La Tour, a famous bare-back rider, who happens to be Donald Dilloway in disguise. Whoops! Do the boys kid him about that!

No one will believe that he is a swell acrobat or give him a chance to prove it—until one night from sheer stupidity he gets involved with the flying-something-or-others and brings down the house. But his success is short-lived, as he has to get drunk to save the brother of a girl he has fallen in love with—and after blacking the eyes of Miss La Tour he gets fired. But what a comeback he stages—at little more than a moment's notice he substitutes for Laffo, the flying clown, and wins his girl (Pat Ellis) and a circus contract and everything. There are some swell aisle-rolling scenes, with a couple of lions. This will be more fun for the kids than a real circus.

LAUGHING BOY

Rating: 25° SWEET ROMANCE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE picturization of Oliver La Farge's famous novel has Ramon Novarro playing "Laughing Boy" and Lupe Velez "Slim Girl." The book is a study in psychology of a young Indian idealist, contrasted with a modern Indian girl who has strayed from the traditions of her race through white man's education.

It's a tragic, beautiful story, but awfully hard to put on the screen. Ramon isn't exactly convincing—especially as the picture has a background of real Indians which makes it a bit hard for the fake ones. And why Ramon and Lupe should have accents whereas the real Indians speak perfect, unaccented English is something we haven't figured out.

[Continued on page 61]

BEAUTIFUL . . .

AND THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

THELMA TODD

KNOWS BREAD IS ONE OF HER
BEST FRIENDS!

THELMA TODD'S striking blonde beauty is bright with animation. Her health, she knows, is a priceless possession . . . and she plans her diet carefully to provide the energy she needs. That's where *bread* proves a friend! Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

The fascinating Thelma Todd adds many delightful high spots of comedy to the new Wheeler and Woolsey laugh riot, "Cockeyed Cavaliers", an RKO-Radio Picture.

Dear Betty Crocker:

In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it—our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food—like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

109 NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD

BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book of recipes and menus, "*Vitality Demands Energy* (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Clever suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make tasty, well balanced meals. Tempting menus for every occasion. Intriguing ideas for sandwiches, ap-

petizers, accompaniments for soups, salads. Interesting new uses for the delicious breads, and other baked wheat products, supplied you in delightful variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

- 1** *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.
- 2** *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.
- 3** *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "*Vitality Demands Energy.*"



SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

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Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread, "*Vitality Demands Energy*" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

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Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*



Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins, in quaint old-fashioned costumes, are with Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore in "Treasure Island."

[Continued from page 29]

Man's Castle," but you don't see them very often indulging in Hollywood night life. An evening of dancing at the Cocoanut Grove or the Beverly Wilshire occasionally, and a few parties given by their friends and bosses, and that's about all the social life they go in for. They go to previews a lot and both are very interested in each other's screen careers.

Sister Sally Blane, who greatly resembles Loretta, is with Peter Arno, the artist whose "Whoops Sisters" are internationally famous. Peter is a hot-headed lad, and always breaking into headlines by chasing Vanderbilts around Reno with toy pistols or punching the scions of Old Philadelphia Families in the schnozzle in Hollywood night clubs. But Sally must have a very quieting effect on Peter, for even the Wanamakers and Rockefellers escape without a scratch on the nights he's out with her.

Polly Ann Young (there's still another Young sister at home, who goes swimming with Jackie Cooper in the daytime but spends very boring evenings with history books) is with Billy Bakewell—and there is a romance which they say is quite hot. Bob Armstrong invited Billy and Lew Ayres and several of the boys up to his new ranch for a stag Sunday of tennis and barbecue, but poor lovetorn Billy was so busy calling Polly Ann up every fifteen minutes (just to see if she still loved him) that he couldn't keep his mind on the game and lost every set. Polly Ann and Billy don't go in much for night clubbing, but have most of their fun making-up as important movie stars and taking moving pictures of each other doing "big scenes."

Here come Mary-Brian and Dick Powell, and I wish to goodness something would come of that romance as I think they are both swell people. Every place I've been lately—Sunday down at Norman Foster's beach house at Malibu, Monday at Joan Blondell's and George Barnes' for dinner, Tuesday at the Brown Derby, Wednesday with Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster and the Barnes shooting ducks and riding on merry-go-rounds at Venice amusement park, Thursday at the preview of "Private Scandal," Mary's latest picture, Friday at the fights with the Stu Erwins—just every place I go there's Mary and Dick. Not that I'm complaining. I like it. I just wish they'd merge.

Un-huh—I thought so. Jack Oakie is going to barge right into that twosome. Jack and Mary used to keep pretty steady

company before Peggy Joyce hit town and Jack went in for orchids and stiff shirts.

There's a table of the younger generation taking their art and themselves quite seriously. But aren't they cute? That William Janney and Jacqueline Wells, a Wampas baby star, make an awfully handsome couple, and although William has the reputation of being rather fickle it does look as if he were going to concentrate on pretty little Jacqueline. William and Jean Muir went out the other night, but she sort of went high-brow on him, so that romance curdled before it was even whipped up. With William and Jacqueline are Tom Brown and Anita Louise and Pat Ellis and Howard Wilson. The Tom Brown and Anita Louise romance has been going on for over a year now, but almost came to an abrupt ending last month when Tom was working on the Paramount lot and fell into the clutches of Ida Lupino. Things looked pretty bad for a while there, but love was triumphant again and Ida returned to her college boys and Tom made peace with Anita Louise.

I'm getting bored now (and so are you no doubt) so away-we-go to the Colony Club, which is a hang-over from those late lamented prohibition days (a man still peers at you through a grille) and one of the most popular night clubs in Hollywood. Janet Gaynor lives next door to the Colony Club, and so many people drove into her front yard and rang her doorbell thinking they were at the Colony that finally Janet had to build a big white gate that gets itself closed at sunset. By the way, Janet—since her separation from Lydell Peck—lives in the same house that Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna honeymooned in in those dear dead days before they discovered they were incompatible. But despite the convenience of Janet to the Colony Club she rarely goes there, as dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with Gene Raymond is more in her line. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are another couple who prefer the Cocoanut Grove for their "night out."

Yes, this is the Colony all right for there's Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer over in the corner. This is evidently one of the evenings they're speaking. And there's Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale—about the hottest romance in Hollywood despite the fact that neither is an ingénue at this love business. Adolphe is simply going mad trying to watch the

building of his new house and watching Veree work in "Du Barry." My spies report that Adolphe and Veree have just come from the preview of Adolphe's latest picture and that the two of them sat there holding hands and billing and cooing. Well, there's nothing I can do about it. By the way, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Adolphe's ex, is now going places with George Brent, Ruth Chatterton's ex, and Ruth is going places with Ralph Forbes, Ruth Chatterton's ex ex—Oh, migosh, this can't go on forever.

There's Virginia Bruce with Paul Warburg, the wealthy New Yorker. Since her separation from John Gilbert, Virginia looking more beautiful than ever before, has been one of the gayest girls in town, with any number of escorts. Last night she was dining at the Russian Eagle with Edward Everett Horton. And there's Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, which is another one of those romances which has been going on for a long time. Maureen is planning to go to Ireland soon to visit her parents and bring her little sister back to Hollywood with her—and some folks say that she and Johnny will get married and go to Cork together, and some folks say that Johnny and Maureen will just be casual acquaintances when she gets back. I'm sure I wouldn't know. And there's fresh, pretty little Mary Carlisle at a table with Edgar Allan Woolf. And George Raft with Virginia Pine—they say that's a sizzling romance, too.

What ho—here comes Lyle Talbot with blonde Alice Faye who used to be Rudy Vallee's girl. I guess Lyle knows more phone numbers than any lad in Hollywood for he keeps trotting out something new every few nights. Since January, Lyle has gone with the Countess di Frasso, Wynne Gibson, Gail Patrick, Pat Ellis, Alice Faye, Ida Lupino, Jean Muir, the Albertina Rasch girls and the Bus Berkeley ensembles.

The night's on the wane and my eyes are already at half mast, so we'll just skip the Clover Club (so I can't take it) and drive on out to Culver City to the Cotton Club where Duke Ellington and his colored orchestra usher in the cold grey dawn with such red hot rhythm that you have to go jump in the Pacific to cool off. But on the way out we'll drop in at the Hang-Over on Sunset and get a hamburger and coffee. The Hang-Over happens to be the one place in town Margaret Sullavan goes to regularly and I suppose it's because a lot of the Wrong People pop in and out. Yes, there she is with Roger Pryor—but it isn't a romance, just an old friendship. Come, come, I can't keep awake much longer.

Look at those old stay-up-lates having a perfectly grand time at the Cotton Club. There's Carole Lombard with Russ Colombo and a party of friends, and Carole has everyone bending double. But hardly have they straightened themselves out after one of her stories than Madeleine Fields, her secretary-companion, crashes through with another and everybody goes double again. Carole and Russ have been hitting it off pretty steadily ever since Russ settled down in Hollywood.

Two other delightful never-go-to-beds are Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell, and you can usually count on finding them where life is at its merriest. And there's Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers making a night of it. And Madge Evans and Tom Gallery. Oh, I guess love is paramount in Hollywood all right. And some good weddings ought to come out of this. Hide-ho—maybe I'll get a free trip to Yuma. One more night cap—and you and I are off to bed—our respective beds.

Reviews

[Continued from page 58]

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS

Rating: 64°. A LOVELY BIT OF ROMANCE
—Paramount

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S newest picture is something to get most enthusiastic about, for it is one of the gayest, wittiest bits of romance that have come our way in many a dreary day. It sounds like hokum—it is hokum—swell hokum with a sense of humor.

Sylvia plays the Princess of Taronia (one of those mythical kingdoms), who comes to America under the influences of a wealthy banker, Edward Arnold, to help float a loan for her country. (One of Queen Marie's old habits.) But before she can make her grand entrance into the land of the deflated dollar, the poor little Princess is brought down with mumps. So Mr. Arnold has the New York detective force find him a girl who looks like the Princess—and they get Nancy Hale, a struggling, half-starved little actress (who also happens to be Sylvia Sydney.) Nancy is hired to be the Princess for thirty days, and the fun begins. She promptly falls in love with Cary Grant, an influential publisher, and he is crazy about her—but after all he can't presume to propose to a Princess. Well, naturally it gets straightened out in the well honored fashion—but it's witty and impudent right to the final fade-out.

WHERE SINNERS MEET

Rating: 33°. MIGOSH, THE WHIMSIES ARE
LOOSE—RKO

THIS wee bit of swan's-down skimming merrily o'er the moor is from the pen of A. A. Milne (based on "The Dover Road," to be exact), so you know exactly what to expect. Mr. Milne is rather given to whimsies and chirping (whatever became of Winnie-the-Pooh?), so don't expect any wise-cracks or dance routines or courtroom scenes. But those of you who like whipped cream amply sprinkled with charm will find this your favorite dish. And thank heaven for a plot that's different. I can pretend not to notice hundreds of whimsies if only there's a plot that's different.

Clive Brook plays an eccentric millionaire, whose pet hobby is to abduct eloping couples and force them to remain prisoners in his house for a week, by the end of which they've naturally changed their minds and seen the error of their ways.

It seems that most English couples elope via Dover Road to the English Channel and thence to France, so Mr. Brook settles on Dover Road and starts a little whimsical kidnapping. Into his net fall Billie Burke and Alan Mowbray and Diana Wynyard and Reginald Owen—who are just about as inter-related as a lot of Hollywood couples. At the end of the week Alan Mowbray is sick to high heaven of the fussing and flattery Billie Burke, and Diana Wynyard finds that Reginald Owen with a cold in his head is simply insufferable. So the elopements are called off and Clive Brook takes a pat on the back. Mr. Milne can dish it—but can you take it?

CHEATERS

Rating: 6° BELOW. NAME IS O.K.—Liberty
Pictures

They had good intentions and an old story. Bill Boyd and June Collyer deserved a better break. It must have been something they ate.

COPY THESE PIQUANT

Hollywood Hair Styles

only if your hair is not

too DRY or too OILY



A very brilliant star, who exemplifies sophisticated good taste, dares to smooth her gleaming tresses straight back from her brow. She dares because her hair is soft and lustrous—not dry and fly-away. To make dry hair more manageable, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).



This pert, "page-boy" coiffure of a famous screen favorite is intriguing if your head is the right shape for it and your hair soft enough to retain a smooth wave. If your hair is too oily to hold a wave, use the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment given below.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

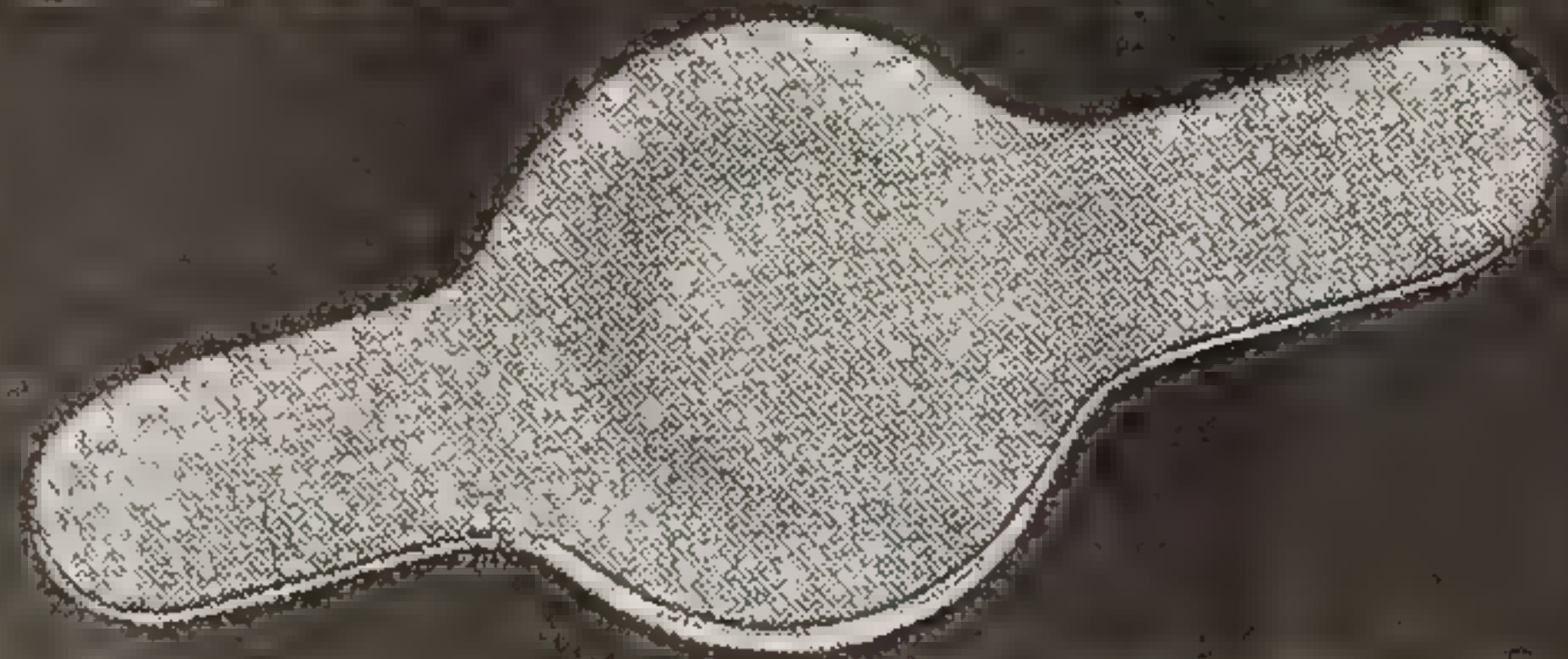
PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



STOPS PAIN — REMOVES
CORN
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● Here's the latest—and the best—corn plaster, with exclusive features that increase its comfort and efficiency. Drybak, made by Johnson & Johnson, was professionally designed to fit snugly without bulging; to *stay put*; to stop pain and remove a corn effectively.

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**ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF
 BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS**

DRYBAK
CORN PLASTERS
 + Johnson & Johnson +
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Where's That Ball and Chain?

[Continued from page 34]

spent three years as a crooner and orchestra leader there and he had many friends. When he finally left his Indianapolis theater job and started playing and singing with a dance orchestra, he found he had all day to himself with nothing to do.

Meanwhile he had collected a considerable amount of fan mail. So he sat down and answered the letters, all of them, and in answering them he explained to each admirer that he had decided to try to make a little extra money by selling automobile insurance on the side and would appreciate any business that could be turned his way.

"I made a thousand dollars extra that year," Dick says, "and I would have made much more if I hadn't left Indianapolis a few months later for Pittsburgh. Somebody got all the 'repeat' business."

This heretofore untold bit of Powell biography is typical of Dick Powell. He is resourceful and energetic—and a natural money maker. Generous as he is with his time, his talents and his money, he nevertheless saves a substantial part of all he earns and in the most approved and conservative fashion he is building up an estate of no small proportions.

He has never been without a "sideline" of some kind since the day his father bought him his first cornet.

That important event took place in Mt. View, Arkansas, where Dick was born. In the same town a railroad engineer, a friend of the family, taught Dick, while still a baby, to sing "Casey Jones." In spite of this the engineer remained a friend.

Dick's father sold farm machinery and moved with his family, while Dick was still a small boy, to Little Rock, which is still the town Dick calls home, although Louisville, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh all claim the distinction of having "discovered" him. While Dick was never rich, neither was he ever poor. Like most boys, he got a job about the time he entered high school. In fact he got several jobs. He worked for the local telephone company, as mentioned before, sang in choirs, at weddings, funerals and lodge benefits

and played with a small local orchestra.

His fame as a singer spread eventually to Louisville, where he accepted a job singing with a concert orchestra. Up to that time Dick had never sung popular music and did not know how to "croon."

The story of his success in Louisville, Indianapolis and then Pittsburgh, has been told many times, except for the insurance-selling incident. His first appearance as a real "crooner" was in a suburban theater in Pittsburgh where he had to sing in a theater so long and narrow that he used a small megaphone to make himself heard in the back rows.

As master of ceremonies at the Stanley theater in Pittsburgh he claimed attention, finally, of studio scouts who sent him to New York to make camera tests for the Warner Brothers picture "The Crooner." He didn't get that rôle, for reasons beyond his control, but he arrived a few months later in Hollywood to play a slightly disagreeable rôle in "Blessed Event."

Before he went back to Pittsburgh and the stage he had signed a long term contract with Warner Brothers—a contract which is still in force after the exercise of many options, and which has brought the public such pictures as "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade," "Wonder Bar," "20,000,000 Sweethearts," and "Dames."

Since that time Dick Powell has become one of the important new box office stars of the screen. Since that time, too, he has become one of the most eligible young bachelors of Hollywood, excepting, of course, for that "gentleman's agreement" he has with Warner Brothers not to marry before 1935.

When Dick first arrived in Hollywood he was still married, although he and the girl he married early in his career in Little Rock, had long been separated. They have since been divorced and it is understood that she has married again.

But Dick hasn't remarried. Instead he hastily bound himself to remain single.

Now he wants to renege! Nobody seems to know why.

Only time will tell.

Is Hollywood Killing Its Leading Men?

[Continued from page 31]

do the work."

"The only way we can get around the situation is by insisting in our contracts, for a consecutive—if we want it—number of weeks in which to get away and rest. Whether or not we can beat the game by doing this, remains to be seen. I think we can—for a while anyway. My new contract with Metro calls for sixteen consecutive weeks—and from what I hear—all the other fellows are getting the same sort of contracts now. We're waking up to the fact that we are only human. And I believe that the producers are beginning to realize this fact also."

A week before Bob arrived at the Grand Central Terminal, a young man stepped aboard the Twentieth Century leaving for the West. His face is as familiar to the hundred million inhabitants of this country, as their very own. His eyes were wistful as he took a farewell look around the busy depot. He had had a grand time for

a few short weeks—but it was all over, and he was headed back for the eternal grind. The expression on his face was that of a boy on the closing of a school holiday.

The boy was Clark Gable. Last year when Clark was making "Dancing Lady," he looked like a ghost. Thousands of fans poured anxious letters into the studios and press offices concerning his health. He had been in the hospital, a complete physical wreck for weeks. The relentless fingers of time and money had forced him from his sick-bed back to work. He carried a dozen or more red, angry stitches under the bandages on his right side. Two doctors stood in constant attendance on the set to rush to his aid, when his strength would give out. And when the picture was released, everyone saw—inasmuch as it is somewhat difficult to deceive the eye of the camera—how ill he looked. His cheeks were sunken, his whole body seemed tired and exhausted, and the dark shadows under his eyes

told a story of physical endurance stretched to the breaking point. He pulled through, however, and went away for a complete rest in which to recover. He has gained weight—he looks fine now, but he has learned a lesson which he will never forget. Work and popularity could be just as murderous weapons as any machine-gun ever invented. When he is approached now to do an extra picture by the hundred and one producers who wave the golden banner of a huge salary as an attraction, he laughs in their faces. As soon as he finishes one of his pictures that his contract calls for—off he goes. Hunting, fishing, or simply disappearing from Hollywood, where he cannot be reached until he shows up at the studio punctually on time for his next story. Clark has learned to say no and mean it, but sometimes it isn't so easy.

Last winter when Fredric March and his wife and baby arrived in New York for a vacation, they had all their plans and dates made which would give them a real, long-looked-forward-to holiday. They had purposely made the trip East by boat from California, in order that Freddie might get a real rest and chance to relax. The boat trip takes weeks against the four-day journey across the continent by train. Every minute of the voyage was an enjoyable adventure.

"The crowd on board was so small," said Freddie, "that we felt we were on a private yachting party. It was simply grand! I just loafed in the sun, or spent long happy hours chatting with the Captain, who became one of our good friends. I got up when I liked, went to bed as I pleased—did just exactly what I have been wanting to do for so long; I shall never forget how gorgeous it all was. When the boat docked at some port, we went ashore sometimes with some of the officers—again we'd go alone and poke around in those funny old fascinating West Indies ports—and both Mrs. March and I felt that it was one of the happiest trips we had ever made."

"You see, I've been kept so busy making pictures, that I forget there is such a thing as any other form of living. My every thought and deed centers around the studio. I breathe movies—I eat them—I dream about my part when I sleep—I wake up thinking about what I'm going to do on the set as soon as I get there. I had gotten to the point where, when I came home at night, I brought my work right into the house with me. Mrs. March would say, will you please have some corned beef, darling?, and I would answer—look, dear—this is how I'm going to handle that bit about finding Claudette kissing Clive. Up I would jump from the table—stride over to the mantel—lean my head down in sorrow against the wood—then turn and snarl with rage into Florence's face. The corned beef always got too cold to eat—my wife got to the point where she would suddenly burst into hysterics, and we both found ourselves a couple of nervous wrecks."

"You see, I had given up the stage," said Mrs. March, interrupting her husband, "when I married Freddie. I had seen all the acting I ever wanted to see by that time—and for Freddie to come home and try out all his various rôles on me—was just about more than I could stand. So we reached an agreement—which we try to stick to, and that is when Freddie is finished at the studio—he is never to mention his day's activities. We had a room in the house where we used to spend evenings looking at rushes from his pictures. That has been turned into a play-room and bar. We are re-furnishing our whole house with entirely different furniture, principally because we feel that it will bring a more normal sort of living back to us, I think," she smiled.

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



**From an interview with Dr. Paula
Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna**

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale, Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

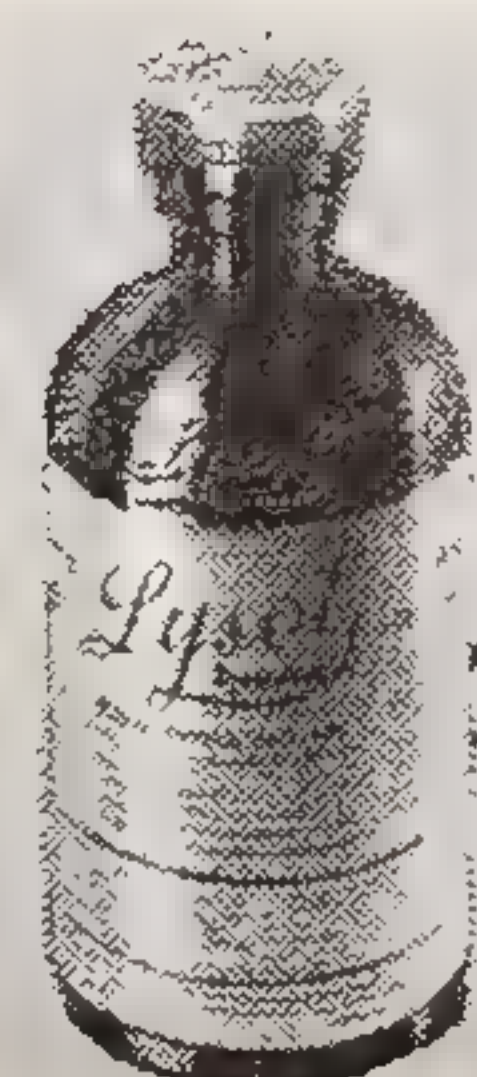
In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



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Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

Mrs. Freddie March rushed out to keep an appointment with a decorator who was going to find her some rare French Provincial furniture. Freddie relaxed into his chair for a second, only to bound up again and show how impossible it was for him to sit quietly. On the little table at his side, with a marker between the pages, there reposed a large volume of "The Life and Adventures of Benvenuto Cellini." As he caught us looking at the book, he smiled somewhat crookedly.

"Yes, I know," he said. "I can't seem to remember I'm on a holiday! But if you only knew how difficult it is to get away from it really. Before I left Hollywood, one of our friends gave us a farewell party. S—— is a friend of mine—one of my best friends. He came over to me at the party and begged me to postpone my trip to do one picture for him. He pleaded—he almost wept. I hated to refuse him, but I had worked so hard, and, it seemed to me, so long without a rest, that I felt like screaming in his face. What could I do? Now, that man's friendship means a lot to me. It is difficult enough to turn down offers from the powerful producers out there—but when one's friend happens to be in that class—it makes it doubly hard. My nerves were shot to pieces. I had lost about fifteen pounds during the past few months because I was trying so hard to finish my work and get away. I had some pretty difficult rôles, too. Parts that I wanted to give my best to—but when spots begin to dance before your eyes—and you lose your appetite for food, and you get so tired you can't sleep at nights—then you begin to wake up to the fact that there's danger ahead. That's why my new contract calls for three consecutive months' rest. I expect to go abroad next summer with Florence and loaf all over the place. I want to try and forget there is such a place as Hollywood for a while, just so that when I get back to it—I can do better work."

"We're having a lot of fun here," he continued. "All of our friends have been wonderful to us. We've got parties planned for the next two weeks—every single night. We expect to be here about six weeks anyway—and I hope we can go back by the same boat we came East on."

The day after the one of our conversation—Freddie and his wife and baby were on the train speeding back to Hollywood. The telephone had summoned him back to the studio immediately. All the party dates had to be cancelled. Freddie was needed on the set at once, and every argument he put up against cutting his trip short proved unavailing. "The Affairs of Cellini" was being rushed into production in order to fit the studio's schedule. That was all there was to it—and instead of having a holiday of several weeks in New

York, Mr. March visited this town for less than one.

The answer to this situation lies in the fact that talking pictures have created a demand without a supply. Clark, Bob and Freddie are all screen stars who have had stage training. Their work, involving years spent in stock, has given them the necessary experience with which to portray cinema rôles requiring the touch of realism. They are primarily actors; therefore they make good movie players. The minute the movies began being wired for sound, the theatrical stage in New York was almost annihilated. Every producer on the coast tried to beat the other fellow to it in grabbing off the young leading men of the theatre, and luring them out to Hollywood with gold.

The screen stars who had held the crowns of stardom during the silent pictures, were out. Their voices—their diction—their lack of stage training, showed them up as being hopeless material for the new medium. Witness John Gilbert and many others too numerous to mention. Thrones of popularity and following fell right and left, and when the smoke cleared away, it was discovered that the matinee idols necessary for the success of one of the largest industries in the world consisted of a very small number of young men.

The older generation of male stars have managed to keep their hold on the public entirely because of the same reason. George Arliss, the Barrymores, Will Rogers, Cantor, Beery, Chevalier—each and every one of them a stage star of many years' standing. Even the great character actresses like Marie Dressler and May Robson—it seems essential to screen success to have trod the buskined board before taking the camera spot-light.

The dramatic profession has always had to have matinee idols. In the early days of the movies, Wallace Reed and others filled the demand. Now, with less than one handful of young male stars, what is going to happen to the movies? The boys that hold the sovereign crowns today are not made of rubber. They can't stretch to fill the necessary number of rôles needed for all productions. When Joan Crawford has to have a male star to play opposite her, and wants Franchot Tone badly—but he is already working on a picture with Connie Bennett, who not only has to have Tone but also Freddie March in order to meet the requirements of that old Debbie Triangle—and Freddie is scheduled to play a star part himself in a story of his own, how are they going to clear up the muddle? Each one of the boys speaks enthusiastically of the kindness and generosity of their producers—but—is it any wonder that at times Bob and Clark and Freddie feel that Hollywood is slowly but surely killing off its leading men?

Good Taste vs. Hollywood Fashions

[Continued from page 51]

For Claudette approached her own particular battle-field (the screen) in "It Happened One Night," wearing throughout the picture, except for a brief interlude in an extremely modish white satin bridal gown, the very simplest of sports dresses, consisting of a dark wool skirt and printed knitted over-blouse, the type which the dear old English naively call a Jumper. Claudette's sole adornment for this costume was an almost infinitesimal white linen collar, with drawnwork, of the type once familiarly known as Peter Pan.

Yet, because of Claudette's magnificent team work with Clark Gable in this picture, "It Happened One Night" was one of the biggest box-office sensations of the year. Proving again that Shakespeare was right—the play's the thing—and all the eccentric and extravagant gowns and cunning little gadgets of which the couturier's mind is capable will not help a film—if the story does not jell.

Adrian, at M-G-M, once proudly took the credit for inaugurating the extreme Letty Lynton shoulder-style, made so popular by Joan Crawford. Park Avenue gave

this extreme mode a try-out, found that it could not compete with Fifth Avenue and Newport while wearing it, and soon it was relegated to the environs of Broadway, lower than which it could not sink in the realm of fashion—and by Broadway we do not mean the stage, but those inexpensive shops which copy original models in cheaper materials and mark them for sale at \$10.98 or thereabouts.

Yet, not so long ago, this same designer created two tailored dresses for Joan Crawford which even now, many months since they first saw the light of day on the screen, are still extremely desirable models, and are still being copied in various details by some of our most exclusive 57th Street shops. And, if the truth must be told, Joan looked far more attractive, far more sophisticated and "in the know" in these chic fashions, which relied more on simplicity and smartness of line than they did on gadgets, than she did in all the puffed sleeves and fluted ruffles that Adrian piled upon her in the hope that they would create a mild style furor.

Adrian also gowns Norma Shearer for her pictures and sometimes he has made a remarkably interesting job of it. But in "Riptide" he strove so hard to be original and make Norma look "different," that we feel he outdid even himself. There were moments when we were so utterly absorbed in Norma's accoutrements that we almost missed the action of the film. Fortunately, that didn't matter too much, for Norma was called upon to display two moods only in the story—she was either uproariously happy and exuberating all over the place, or profoundly miserable, and it was easy to catch up with her moods, so to speak.

But it wasn't as easy to catch up with her gowns, most of which were so moulded to her slim, somewhat boyish form after the fashion of the fabled mermaids, that every once in a while we found ourselves looking for the proverbial tail. Norma certainly wears clothes with distinction, but, thanks to Adrian's brilliant new ideas, in "Riptide" she succeeded more often than not in resembling a fish out of water.

In fact the gown in which she goes gay at Cannes (where the great scandal takes place) was a cross between an evening gown and a particularly novel bathing dress (or so it appeared to us) with a long skirt and a modified train. Norma must have felt that way about it, too, for in the midst of the hilarity she dives right into the swimming pool in the gown. Poor Adrian, what a wet ending for his novel gown—or, was it designed with that purpose in mind? You never can be sure of what *double entendre* these dreadfully smart couturiérs have stored away in the back of their minds.

On the screen Norma runs to bizarre little turbans, but as she does so in private life also we can't blame Adrian for them. In other matters of personal dress, Norma's taste is unimpeachable, however. She prefers simple sports suits for most day-time occasions and her evening gowns and informal dinner clothes are generally the very last word in charm and chic.

As an amusing bit of by-play, it is especially interesting to watch Adrian gown these two girls—Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. By his method of differentiation, they are distinctly opposite types, in fact, the two poles are not much farther apart. And yet, right before me as I write, are two off-stage photographs, one of Norma and one of Joan. Outside of the hats, and the smiling faces to be sure, the photographs are identical. You've guessed it. They're wearing practically the same flannel walking suits, only Joan has the traditional gardenia in her button-hole and Norma is wearing a corsage of tea-roses.

I'M BORED AND LONESOME.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN
THE PAPER TONIGHT



ANOTHER LIFEBOUY AD. I
ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT
I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE
PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."



HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM
COLUMN...LETTER FROM A GIRL
SIGNED "LONESOME." NO FRIENDS,
NO DATES, WONDERS WHY.
MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!



WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER
IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT
"B.O."...EASY TO OFFEND...
FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES...



JUST WHAT THE LIFEBOUY ADS.
HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I
BEEN FOOLING MYSELF BY
DISREGARDING THEM? I'D BETTER
GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE



A DAILY HABIT NOW

WHAT A GRAND BATH!
OCEANS OF LATHER AND
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN
LIFEBOUY ALWAYS
MAKES ME FEEL



Popularity comes WHEN "B.O." GOES

LOVE TO GO, TOM,
BUT MAKE IT NEXT
WEEK. I'M ALL DATED
UP THIS WEEK!



YOU'RE GETTING
SO POPULAR A
FELLOW HAS TO
STAND IN LINE
TO GET A DATE



HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT
MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT.
THAT'S ANOTHER WAY
LIFEBOUY'S HELPED ME!

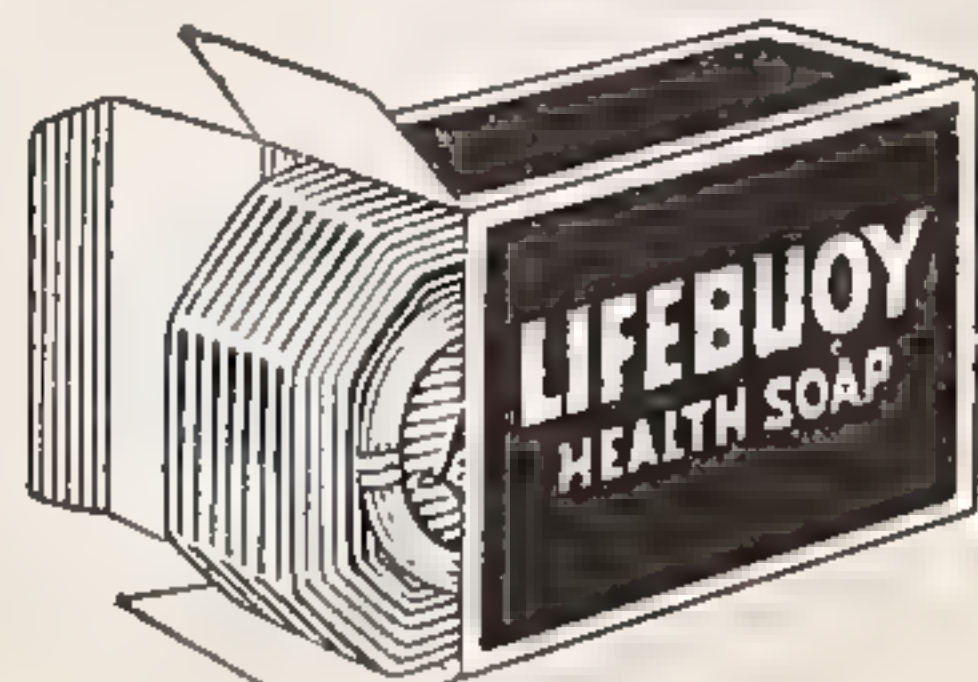


LIFEBOUY fairly *showers* benefits upon its users. It gives quantities of rich, creamy lather whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft. It guards daintiness—protects against "B.O." (body odor)—aids the complexion. Gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—brings new radiance.

Danger months here

Hot days make us perspire more freely. Others are quick to notice the merest hint of "B.O." Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you its refreshing lather gives extra protection.

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau





● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes *hidden* dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



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This ought to be a lesson to Adrian. Why worry his head and burn the midnight oil in order to create wholly new, wholly distinctive models for both these girls when, in their private life, they both hanker for the same sort of thing. Why, indeed? Don't ask us.

Diana Wynyard, like Irene Dunne, favors simplicity in clothes, and in her latest film, "When Sinners Meet," she manages to make the most of the two stunning cloth sports costumes she is asked to wear. Never, for the briefest moment, do they drag your attention away from Diana, and yet they are both thoroughly distinctive and smart. They remind you of what this English Diana is like when she is playing her own role in private life, far from the camera's eye.

To be truly lovely, clothes must be so much a part of one as hardly to be noticed except when deliberate attention is called to them. When the contrary is true, rest assured that the part the actress is playing will suffer or—and a big *or*, the part is so weak clothes are needed to bolster it up.

Travis Banton at Paramount apparently had that idea when he gowned Sylvia Sidney for "Thirty Day Princess." She could wear almost any one of the gowns he designed, for functions in her own personal life, without batting an eye-lash or feeling the least bit self-conscious. And that's more than Norma Shearer could truthfully say after "Riptide."

On Page 50 of this issue Dolores del Rio demonstrates the type of clothes she likes to find when out on a shopping orgy in New York—all of them smart, but all severely simple. Yet in "Flying Down to Rio" Dolores was called upon to take an airplane journey, wearing with her elaborate dressmaker-model suit an extremely sheer organdy blouse with huge, bizarre sleeves which ballooned all over the place. The day I saw that picture in the projection room of R-K-O an audience, consisting mostly of the Press, snickered politely in the darkness. It was ludicrous, to say the least. However, Dolores proved in that picture that she could wear "clothes" as well and as gracefully as she could wear grass, so we'll have to forgive her. And, in appreciation of her modern up-to-the-minute clothes sense, she is next to be seen in the bouffant extravaganzas of Du Barry at the court of Louis the 15th and then in grass again, as the native girl in Green Mansions. Poor Dolores! Maybe those organdy sleeves played a scurvy trick on her, after all!

Janet Gaynor is a little lady who refuses to dress away from her type, no matter whether she is called upon to emote in a farm house or to traipse through marble halls. The Fox fashion designer has to be on his toes when Janet comes for her fittings. She cares naught for the bizarre



Will Rogers is head man. He rates first on the radio, next only to Marie Dressler at the movie box-office, his newspaper syndicate takes in over two hundred papers and he is a hit in "Ah, Wilderness?"

or eccentric; all that she wants to be is *herself*. She generally succeeds.

As for Ginger Rogers, that cute little eye-full who has made so many of our recent musicals the success they are, Ginger, like Janet, always looks the same. But with this difference. And what a difference. The couturières, no matter at what studio she happens to be playing, always dress Ginger so that she's a cross between a soubrette and a baby Mae West. Poor Ginger. It's not her fault. Whether the part calls for a school girl, a misunderstood woman, a self-sacrificing sweetheart or a chorus girl, she always succeeds in "looking the same."

The metamorphosis of clothes, from a Hollywood studio standpoint, is just beginning. We've already proved strong enough to weather the Letty Lynton epic, we've steadfastly refused to go "Mae West" sartorially, we'll have little if anything to do with the stiff Queen Christina collar, and I doubt if Adrian stirred up even the tiniest little ripple in the style marts of Paris and New York, with his unusual "Riptide" fashions. So—if we are patient and know how to pick out the gold from the dross—perhaps, some day, Hollywood will be, after all's said and done, the style dictator of the world. But not until it promises to stop being cute and to store away in the attic all these cute little ruffles and furbelows and gadgets which have made the last few cinema years so difficult to bear.

Wrong People Crashing Pictures

[Continued from page 25]

get you onto a "free bench." A letter from Louella Parsons originally placed Helen Ferguson there; a letter from Colleen Moore's uncle, editor of *The Chicago Tribune*, gave her the same position. But letters could not take one from the benches. Colleen hung around and hung around. Finally, they needed a girl who could cry. Colleen cried for sheer excitement, perhaps.

Another extra, who stood outside the set while Colleen's test was being made, described it to me. "When I heard those awful sobs, I thought: 'My God, they've told her they can't photograph one brown and one blue eye.' In those days, we

didn't really cry for pictures. Just pretended. Colleen was the first to actually weep—yet she wasn't a star for years!

Norma Shearer foraged along, ignoring physical handicaps that were announced insurmountable for five years. Rudolph Valentino played gigolo until he was so tired of the sight of rich women that he ran to the home of a young seamstress, far from his habitual playground in Pasadena, just to talk "youth's language."

Right down through the days of Charlie Farrell, Gary Cooper and Dick Arlen—this *do or die* spirit of the adventurer, this combination of imagination and courage was the one certain way of crashing the

tightly barricaded doors of motion pictures.

Charlie Farrell caught the fever during his Junior year at Boston College. During the following summer vacation, Billy, the famous Lilliputian, played Charlie's father's little theatre at Cape Cod. Charlie hung around Billy, plying him with eager questions, until little Billy was stirred by the dynamic ambition of big Charlie and offered him an opportunity to act as his secretary. Billy was to play Los Angeles! Charlie saw an opportunity for free transportation to Hollywood and jumped the conventional last year of college, just as the farmers had jumped the conventional comforts of farming in already settled territory.

In Hollywood, Charlie left Billy and took a tiny apartment on Hudson street, where he was a neighbor of Lawrence Tibbett and his family. The Tibbetts were too poor to hire anyone to watch their twin boys when they went out in the evening; Charlie took care of them so that he might have the babies' company. He was that lonesome!

A day's work as an extra, now and then. No help from home. He wouldn't take it. Endless hours spent upon hard chairs outside the doors of harder casting directors. One year passed! His mother came to take him to Massachusetts. He refused to go. He also refused to admit what she suspected—that he had gone without food for three days at a time. Done it so often, he was getting used to it! Nearly a full year later, when a Christmas check arrived from his dad to be used as carfare home, he returned it even though the three days without food were repeated more often.

Sitting in the Fox casting office, day after day, his face had become familiar to the regular employees. Robert Yost, director of the publicity department, passed through the casting office to reach his own. It had become a habit—bowing to the unknown but familiar Charlie. One morning he commenced to nod as usual, then stopped. "Are you game to have a still picture taken for nothing, just to help me out?"

Charlie bounded forward eagerly. Anything for a change from the deadly, lonely monotony of waiting. And when they saw that still Charlie made with Madge Bellamy, he was given a part in her picture, "Sandy," and a two year contract with Fox. He was borrowed immediately by Paramount for "Old Ironsides" and "Roughriders" and then—cast in "Seventh Heaven!"

No matter what you may have read about Charlie, this is the true story.

Now comes Ramon Novarro, ushering in a theatre and standing in the rear hour after hour seeing and re-seeing the actors in the same pictures, that he might study and re-study their movements. The other ushers called him a "fool" when he refused extra work that would make him miss his ushering, and when he spurned commercial opportunities. When he felt himself ready, a graduate from his improvised school of acting, he began visiting the directors, many of whom knew him because he had shown them to their seats in the theatre! He applied for a rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda" in make-up, ready to work. The director took one look and laughed. "You won't do!" But a natural imagination overcame native timidity and Ramon demanded: "Draw me a picture of how Rupert *should* look!" And the director was startled into making a rough sketch on the back of an envelope. Ramon's return, in correct make-up—the result of all-night experimentation and spending his last cent of an usher's savings—created his opportunity.

These stories of the big-timers, from

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—*Pandora* and *Poppy*

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



The Lipstick



Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!



Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to *increase and intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and *fascination* of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to *restore* its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a *golden magnet* of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is **SAFE**—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color*, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!



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the days of Bushman and Beverly Bayne to those of Dietrich and West and Hepburn, have been twisted and re-twisted beneath the agile pens of modern publicity men and women. But I have spent the last ten days digging to the foundation stones of these careers and I have found few exceptions to a single formula: The men and women of the pioneer days of motion pictures plunged across untraveled plains and untreked mountains with the same grit-teeth courage and feverish imagination as were used by our covered-wagon forefathers. Those who used other methods did not last long, or were the exceptions which proved the rule.

And today?

I think the editor rather expected me to prove that such opportunities still exist for those with daredevil inclinations. I am sorry; I cannot do it. Those who crash Hollywood by adventuring, today, are the exceptions proving the opposite rule.

Blanche Frey is twenty. She is the daughter of George Webb; the stepdaughter of Esther Ralston. She, too, wanted an opportunity in motion pictures. She read a studio advertisement for a woman who had been a professional correspondent to act as technical director for a picture featuring a professional correspondent. Out of more than two hundred letters, hers was chosen because it sounded the most authentic. She was signed on a year's contract.

News hawks discovered her true identity, printed the truth: she had never been out after ten o'clock in her life and knew nothing about "corresponding" from actual experience. She was relieved, *immediately*, of her position.

The fact that she was clever and daring and imaginative enough to have outwitted all those with actual experience—counted for nothing. Her youthful courage was ignored. The producers of today could not see that her *imagination* might prove of more true worth to their productions than any number of years of experience.

No! Today, motion pictures reach out to the stage or society circles or those with "political pull" for their "new discoveries." The list of the new Wampas baby stars is in this morning's paper. Here are a few, lifted at random: Betty Bryson, niece of Warner Baxter; Helene Cohan, daughter of George M. Cohan; Dorothy Drake, daughter of Grace Wallace, scenario writer; Jacqueline Wells, daughter of W. W. Brown, wealthy banker and oil man—etc.

The lives of these newcomers are camouflaged by highly dramatic stories written by highly-paid, well-organized publicity people in an effort to make us believe that drama still rides behind the screen as well as upon it. Like Katharine Hepburn and her antics before producers—when producer Kenneth MacGowan brought her to Hollywood in the best, conventional manner. Today, the producers spend money where they used to spend daring. A million dollars to launch Marlene Dietrich; a million and a half to make the world thrill to Anna Sten. They train them, if they need training. But they don't let them train themselves and then take a gamble—as Irving Thalberg took the gamble on Jack Gilbert; George Loane Tucker on Lon Chaney; Cecil De Mille on Gloria Swanson and Harry Rapf on Joan Crawford.

It takes two to make a bet. The kids of the pioneer days kept hewing down the big trees until they reached a spot where they said, "I'll bet you *my life* I can fell that whopper ahead of me, if you'll just let me pass and get to it." And the producer, with the same, open-road spirit, said, "I'll bet you fifty dollars a week that you can't but I'll step aside and let you try it."

And by this gamble, Rudolph Valentino,

Wally Reid, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer and all the other idols were created.

There are exceptions, scattered here and there along the patented-paved highways of today's Hollywood.

Frank Melton hailed from Pineapple, Alabama, via West Point. And he fell in love with the screen Janet Gaynor. He was going to play in one of her pictures *or die*, and he was too young and full of old-fashioned imagination to want to die. There's a public golf course edging the Fox Hills studio. He bought a ticket to play golf, scaled the triple high fence and sneaked his way into director Henry King's office. He sat there for *five days*. Henry King checked the gates; the gatemen were not admitting him, but who was? At the end of five days, wondering how that chair-sitter got there, Mr. King took the gamble and cast him for the country bumpkin with Janet and Will Rogers in "State's Fair." Now, he has a contract and a really important part with Peggy Woods in "Handy Andy." He crashed via the *old* route; Peggy via the new. Incidentally, "State's Fair" was billed in Pineapple, Alabama, "Frank Melton in State's Fair—With Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor."

In talking this over with a Hollywood newcomer from Broadway, I was asked, "And I suppose you blame the talkies?"

I said I didn't. I don't even blame the movies. I blame the old fellow who gets the censure for everything, these days. The *Times*!

While our forefathers came from New York to California on the splintery seats of a covered wagon, we fly in eighteen hours, in leather cushioned aeroplanes. While Gloria Swanson sat on a hard bench at the Chicago studio, a little girl I know is sitting in the luxurious room of a casting office of a modern studio. Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Charlie Farrell, Dick Arlen (who broke his leg as a messenger boy to get studio attention!) and those others were not starving. They came from "good families" but sought the movies because the movies knew about gold furniture. But they approached the studio gates in hypothetical covered wagons, just the same. Yet today, Virginia Peine Lehman and Governor Pinchot's daughter, from the same class of families, ride in silken limousines.

And the executives, whom these padded limousine youngsters call upon, sit before mahogany desks, their feet snuggling luxuriously into deep, Oriental importations. They look for all the world like bankers heading syndicates with *billions* of dollars—whereas their banker forefathers thrilled at the opportunity to loan a farmer a single thousand!

In other words, the movies made too much money when everyone else was making too much. They galloped along with the times and turned motion pictures into a game of *money* rather than *personalities*. And now they aren't making so much money and they're beginning to remember the old days and wonder what happened to them!

Henry King *did* sign the boy who wrecked his trousers fence-climbing; and Irving Thalberg has signed Gloria Swanson and announced our old "It" thriller, "Three Weeks," as her first picture. And there's a real hint in Hollywood that the day is returning when you'll be able to crash the game on nerve and determination and imagination and the ability to starve and be happy. That is, via the covered wagon route rather than the silken limousine.

When this happens—well, history repeats itself. The picturesque days will be back and the producers will be making money again!

Intimate Moments with Cleopatra

[Continued from page 21]

Prinz, famous dance director, directs the dance routines. And practically everyone at the studio from Jeannie MacPherson to Baby LeRoy has had a hand at writing the script. That's all you need to know.

The barge sequence is the *piece de resistance* of the picture. It's the epitome of colossalness. It's the umpty-umph of all times. It's got everything. There's barbaric music more exciting to the senses than a shot in the arm—there's a nude girl dancing on the back of a black bull—there's a leopard dance with real leopards and real girls—there are dozens of half-clad slave girls and slave boys and burly Nubians—there're thousands of ostrich plumes waving exotically over the exquisite white body of Egypt's queen—there's a net drawn up from the sea from which beautiful maidens emerge, dripping with seaweed, with clams for the delectation of Antony. And last, but not least, there is Cleopatra, fascinating and beautiful witch of the Nile, luring Antony with the hottest lure of the season. Claudette is an awfully nice girl, is kind to children and animals, but when she puts her mind on a bit of luring—well—sex goes on a rampage. Poor old Antony can't take it.

Out of fairness to De Mille and his really gorgeous set, I'll give you Mr. Weigall's description of the royal barge the night Antony arrived (you can tell it isn't mine by the vocabulary) and which De Mille has faithfully followed.

"The royal galley was rowed by banks of silver-mounted oars, the great purple sails hanging idly in the still air of the evening. Around the helmsmen a number of beautiful slave-women were grouped in the guise of sea-nymphs and graces; and near them a company of musicians played a melody on their flutes, pipes and harps, for which the slow-moving oars seemed to beat time. Cleopatra herself, decked in the loose shimmering robes of the Goddess Venus, lay under an awning spangled with gold, while boys dressed as Cupids (why Mr. Weigall!) stood on either side of her couch, fanning her with colored ostrich plumes of the Egyptian court. Before the royal canopy brazen censers (not censors, thank goodness) stood upon delicate pedestals, sending forth fragrant clouds of exquisitely prepared Egyptian incense.

"Twelve triple couches, covered with embroideries and furnished with cushions, were set around the room, before each of which stood a table whereon rested golden dishes inlaid with precious stones, and drinking goblets of exquisite workmanship . . . Cleopatra caused the floor of the saloon to be strewn with roses to the depth of nearly two feet, the flowers being held in solid formation by nets which were tightly spread over them and fastened to the surrounding walls, the guests thus walking to their couches upon a perfumed mattress of blooms." Just a homey little scene.

They had finished the girl-on-the-bull dance when I arrived on the set (I always miss the animal acts if possible, but I adore the man on the flying trapeze) and good old Prince was on his way back to the dairy. Prince is one of the sweetest tempered bulls I have ever met on a movie set. He was probably crossed in love at an early age and has become a philosopher of the somewhat-may school.

Then the camera and lights were set up for a close up of Claudette luring Wilcoxon. After much fussing about they finally ar-

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"

*"He's swell!
But is he human?
He never looks at me!"*

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but *is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

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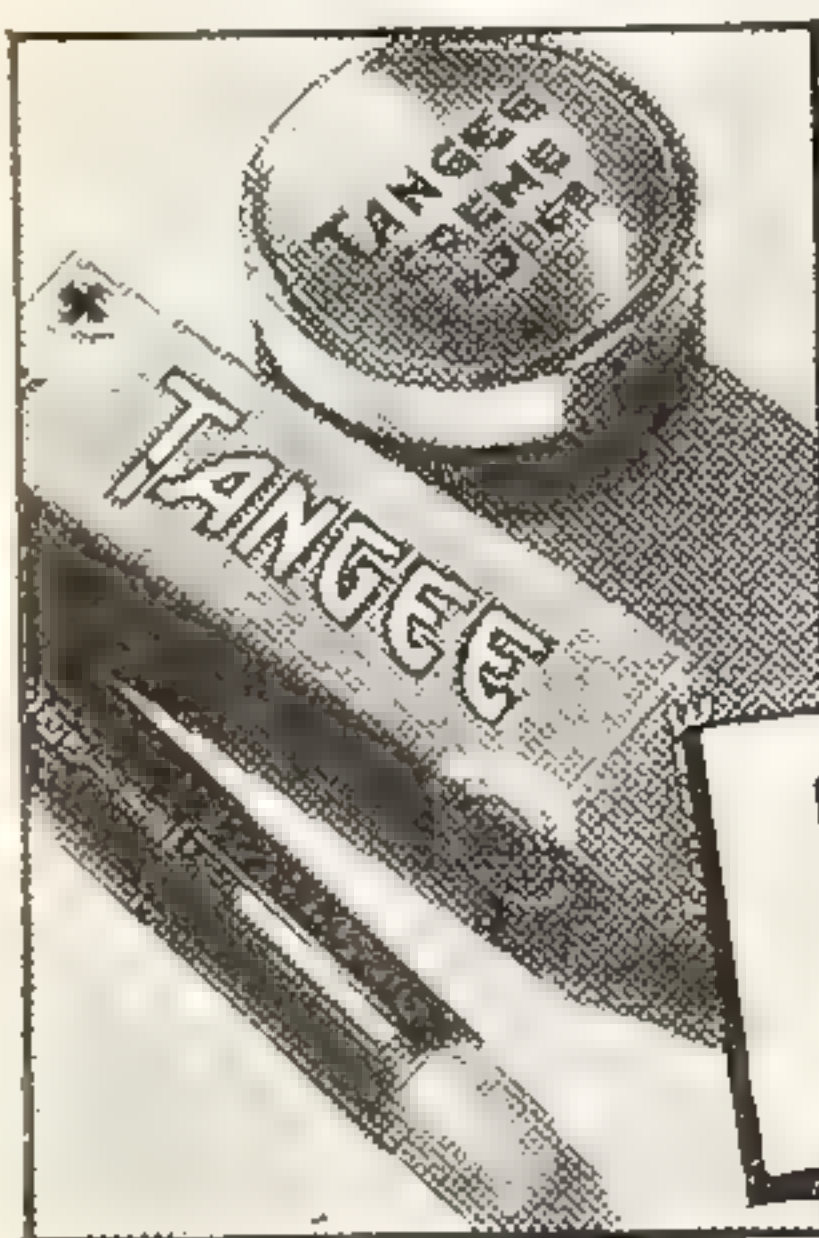
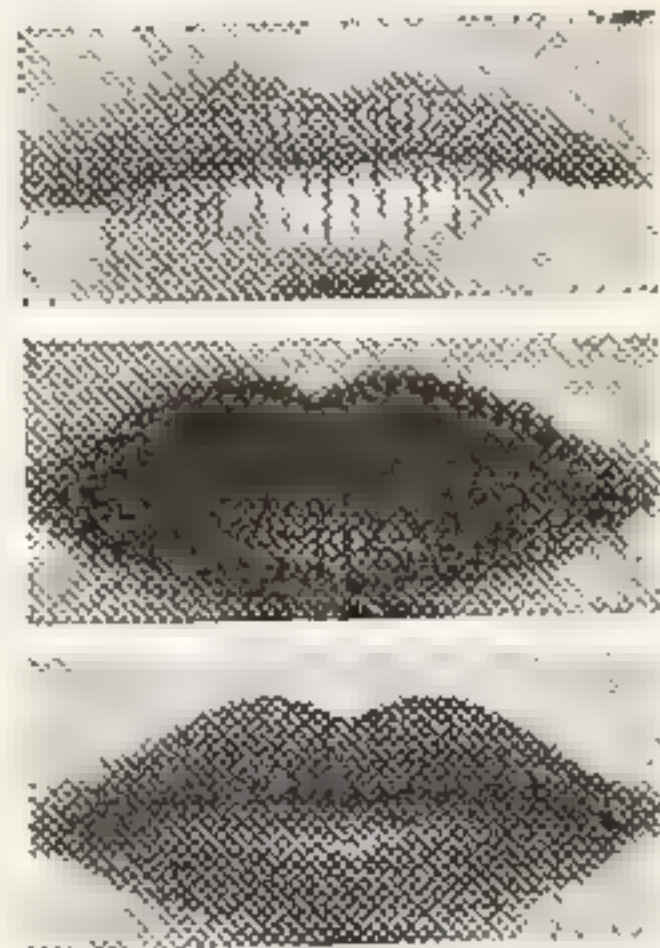
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ranged themselves on the couch and registered devastating passion. It was rather embarrassing there for a moment and I had the feeling that I really shouldn't be looking—but right when things got most seductive Claudette turned to me and said, "Have you played any tennis lately?" Well, it was so much like a cartoon out of the *New Yorker* that I fairly roared with laughter—which didn't please De Mille at all. "Silence," he snapped. "You're crazy about her, Wilcoxon, she's in your blood. She's the most glamorous woman you've ever met. You want to crush her in your arms. Camera." Whee-ew, some fun.

What do screen lovers say between "takes" of red hot love scenes? I've often wondered—so I snooped.

"Look where you scratched me," said Claudette exhibiting a new cut on her shoulder.

"Say, if you want to see a real cut, lady, look what your bracelets did to my arms yesterday." Both looked. "And would you move those glass beads out of the way—just a little to the right—when I kiss your neck. Look how they're cutting my cheek."

"Get up a minute, you're on my operation. That's better. Ouch—your armor is bruising my legs."

Well if all that side-talk and shifting went on in Cleopatra's time all I've got to say is I don't know how they ever got down to business.

Another close-up with Claudette giving Wilcoxon the works, and sort of topping it off with, "Let us have clams from the sea." Which suddenly reminded De Mille that it was two o'clock and even actors have to eat, so he called, "Lunch." And Egypt moved into the Paramount commissary.

The Serpent of the Nile quickly slipped out of her beads and into a robe and we hastened to her dressing room. I was supposed to interview Claudette about something or other but she is one of these swell people who never burdens you with her Art. We started talking about our mutual friends—in a nice way to be sure, but don't be too sure—and before I knew it there was an assistant director sticking his head in at the door and requesting, albeit demanding, Cleopatra's immediate return to Egypt. (Note to Editor: I forgot the interview. May I do it next month?)

Back on the set the temperature was

higher than ever. Those little Cupids had felt a draft. The line "Let us have clams from the sea" is the cue for the big clam-bake number so the lights and camera were all set. Ten pretty little girls draped in wisps of seaweed jumped into a net (it's nets-to-you year, what with Von Sternberg glorifying the Net in "The Scarlet Empress") and are lifted by pulleys and Cupids over the side of the barge where they are given a good drenching—and does it sound good to me practically stewing in my own juice I'm so hot. Then up comes the net full of girls who are dumped onto the deck of the barge. They slither all wet and weedy up to Cleo and Tony and flick open the shells. So that's the famous clam-bake scene. They were still taking it when I left at four o'clock in quest of a coca-cola and a shower bath—and I don't think I shall ever feel the same towards clams.

Of course no De Mille production story is complete without at least one De Mille anecdote—"I got a million of them"—and if you think you're going to escape this time without one you're crazy. Stop me if you've heard it before.

When De Mille was making "The Warrens of Virginia," he decided to do some experimenting with shadow lighting. Up until that time no one had ever thought of shadows in pictures. (Shadow lighting, I interrupt to say, reached its zenith in "The Blonde Venus," when Von Sternberg kept Herbert Marshall so completely shadowed that a number of people are still in doubt as to the exact identity of Dietrich's leading man. He obtained the same effect in "The Scarlet Empress" by spinach-whiskers, to the cultured.)

Well, when "The Warrens of Virginia," was completed it was taken East by Sam Goldwyn and shown to the exhibitors. Quickly a wire arrived for C. B. "Exhibitors say picture is only one half lighted so they will pay only one half price. Sam." So then DeMille had one of his happy inspirations and immediately sent the following wire: "Tell exhibitors if they don't know Rembrandt lighting when they see it they should not be in the picture business. C.B." Goldwyn showed the wire at the exhibitors convention and each and every little exhibitor said that he would not accept a picture from now on unless it had Rembrandt lighting.

The Trick Is To Be Together

[Continued from page 27]

I reassured him there are many of us who'd be delighted to discover a streak of sincere idealism in our favorite stars. We escaped from the noisy crowd and, in the quiet of his studio dressing-room, he spoke to me from his heart.

"I believe in the good old-fashioned principles of love and marriage—and with no modern twists! What I can say, further, has been said many times, and the reason is: it's the fundamental truth. Maybe it's trite. That is, if you call human nature trite.

"There must be congeniality, absolute faith, and respect between sweethearts. There must be a serious attitude, a longing for oneness, for a permanent family.

"My wife and I are mere beginners, comparatively, for we've only started, both in life and in marriage. But our 'first year' has taught me much.

"As regards mixing marriages with Hollywood, I find it will mix when it's the man who has the career. Many people advised me not to marry, claiming I'd climb faster as a bachelor. It is necessary to be diplomatic in Hollywood, but I never have been any good at being nice solely to

be 'helped,' and I've had better breaks since marrying. So that answers that!"

But Bob doesn't think an actress can be a real wife.

"There'd always be a subconscious sense of competition when both husband and wife were acting. Then, if the wife were more popular the marriage would be doomed. Hollywood doesn't change the regular problems of matrimony—it triples them. Nature meant man to be the provider. And when a wife beats a man at his own job—well, I, at least, would lose my self-respect."

This is not idle theorizing, for Bob and his wife had to settle this matter themselves. She had been graduated from U. S. C. for a year when they eloped. At the university she was noted for her fine singing and, after playing the leads in the college extravaganzas, she anticipated a career for herself.

"I realized how much I was asking, for I know how I'd feel if I had to give up acting. I'm quite sure Betty isn't sorry she didn't go on with a career, although I suspect certain of her friends regard me as the big bad wolf who carried her off



Shirley Temple made a hit in "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Little Miss Marker," so now she is signed for "Baby Take a Bow" and "You Belong to Me."

to the dull routine of domesticity.

"When you marry," Bob mused, "you generally make plans. We went in for a family right away." (Carol Anne Young is five months old.) "I want Betty to keep up her singing, for pleasure at least. If the novelty of being just wife and mother sometime does wear off, I'd not mind her singing on the radio or at musicals."

Bob hopes she'll be content, for to him being the husband of a famous woman star would be a fate worse than death. From what he's seen in Hollywood, there's no chance for an actress to be permanently, happily wed. "What are they to do? I know they can't be old maids. Thank God I'm not an actress!"

He and Betty Young are neither opposites nor are they entirely alike in tastes. They are congenial. "We consider being thoroughly honest of great importance. If there's any little thing rankling either of us, we try to settle it as quickly as possible."

"Marriage, a year of it, has changed us, as love will affect any two. I had a violent temper, for instance. Rather it was a bad habit of getting mad and holding on to my grudge. This was an evidence of smallness on my part. Betty has gradually rid me of this fault."

Betty herself has seemingly become more poised since taking her place in Hollywood as the wife of a rising star. She has joined the Dominos and is one of our most gracious young matrons.

"There's one thing, the biggest single factor, which I've not mentioned yet," Bob remarked, striding up and down the dressing-room. "I do not believe that absence makes any heart grow fonder, nor do I countenance separate vacations. Or trial separations, which are the beginning of the end. If lovers vowed to be perfectly frank, always, the occasion for a separation would never arise. No matter how happy any couple is, if one member will stumble upon the painful truth that life can go on—without the absent one."

"This applies to marriage anywhere," Bob insists. "It is especially relevant to

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⅛ teaspoon salt
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us movie folk who have to continually fight such tearing-apart influences as weird working hours and third parties who are ever ready to chisel in."

Bob and Betty Young credit their baby daughter with strengthening the bond between them. Also, Bob has acquired responsibilities. But they are burdens he craved. He recently moved his wife and child into a new home in Beverly. He's buying it on time, just as he is buying two new, but modest cars. He supports his mother and sister. Altogether, he's too wrapt up in realizing his dreams, his personal ideals, to be sidetracked by the usual Hollywood pitfalls.

"Is your wife ever jealous of your having to make love to these beautiful screen heroines?" I asked. His reply was not a "modern" epigram. "I guess she feels just

as I would if *she* were at a studio making love to some actor!"

A surge of activity outside indicated to us that it was back to the set for Bob. "If I'm any sort of authority," he concluded tersely, "there is a secret to being happy though married. The trick is to be together!"

As we left I caught a quick glimpse of a telegram on his dressing-table. "That's something I receive at the start of each new picture. Read it if you want." And so I did. It said, "Dear Bobby: Good luck on your first day . . . thinking of you . . . all our love." The signature was "Carol Anne and Betty." Lucky Robert Young! *Smart* is a more appropriate adjective. He'll beat the Hollywood marriage jinx because he recognizes the fundamental secret for preserving love!

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Grapefruit for Girls

[Continued from page 22]

anything yet. Mae had stepped on the throttle of ambition, and she was off at full speed ahead. At the conclusion of her song she skipped gaily down the little board platform to be as near as possible to "her public." Her next number was a specialty clog dance. Over-zealous perhaps—too eager to outdo herself, the inevitable happened. She slipped. There was a loud noise. She landed flat on her back. But what a game little kid she was! Up and smiling in a flash, she commenced counting in time to the music, and resumed the dance.

That incident, probably more than any of the dozen I might tell you, is characteristic of Mae Clarke. Down and out many a time, she was back on her feet and up and at 'em with even greater determination than before—a determination and courage, however, so vitally a part of her ambition that it has lost its relation to Mae off-screen.

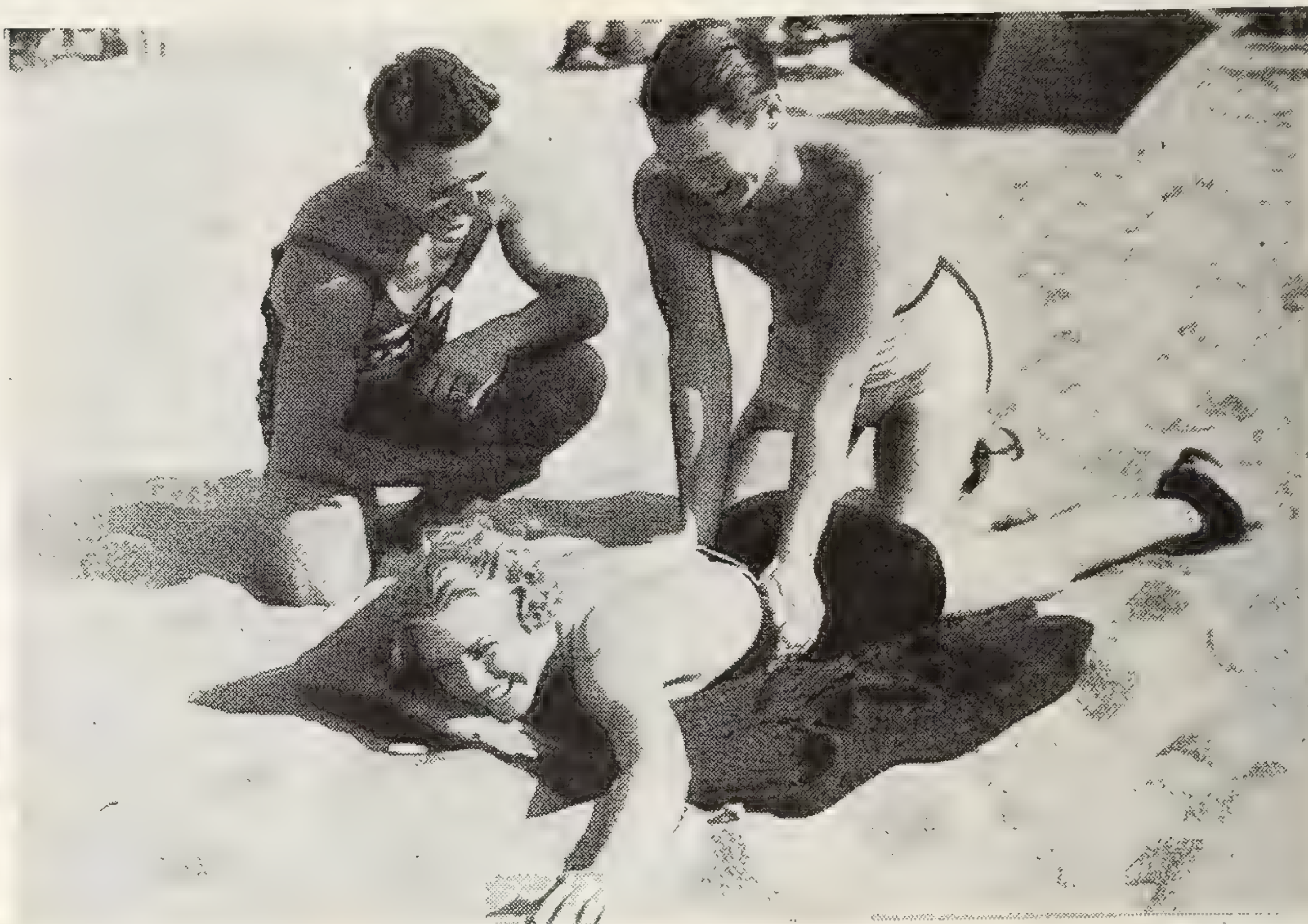
Please understand, Mae's screen-self and

personal-self are two different people. Mae, the actress, doesn't mind getting socked in the eye with grape-fruit, being dragged across the floor by the hair, or any of the other discomfitures her screen rôles force upon her.

"I think it's swell," she'll say. "I'm living the rôle. I'm only taking what the character in the rôle I portray has to take. Things happen like that. Why, grapefruit throwing is an old Brooklyn custom—and you can go back as far as the cave-days for your hair pulling. It's okay—it's true to life, and I think I'm going to like 'taking it' for the rest of my career."

But don't let Mae give you the idea she'd like being treated that way in real life. Woe to anyone who even so much as thought of throwing a grape-fruit in her face. For behind that acting mask is another Mae, an overly-sensitive, shy, reserved Mae—who even blushes upon occasion!

Imagine that!



Wide World

The life guard instructs Chester Morris in resuscitation. Mae Clarke plays dummy.

"Shakespeare? No!"

[Continued from page 23]

a Noel Coward could build as great an actor as the study of the immortal character of, say, the Duke of Gloucester.

"When I first started out in this business I felt that without this ground work I hadn't a chance. It worried me not a little. It worried me more when I realized that if this were true I would never make any kind of an actor. In the United States there is not the opportunity which England affords. In England, which gave us our first understanding of the drama, and from where many of our finest actors have come, it is easy.

"But this isn't England. In America the alternative is stock, which offers the opportunity to play a variety of parts. The plays of today create a spirit quite as effective as the immortal works of the Bard. I consider stock as great an asset as Shakespeare. Every present day American actor—or nearly everyone—will tell you that without stock they wouldn't have had a chance. I had lots of it, notably three seasons at

Elitch Gardens in Denver, Colorado. My Shakespeare was limited to "Twelfth Night," back in 1920, at the Garrick Theatre in a company which boasted St. Clair Bayfield, Rose Cogan, Pedro de Cordoba and Harry Wagstaff Gribble."

"What did you play in 'Twelfth Night?'" I asked.

"I was stage manager and played Valentine and a first officer. Not a very imposing repertoire for a budding young actor with aspirations.

"To me the chief value of Shakespeare lies in the scope he gave to the intellect.

"Shakespeare also placed a high valuation on comedy. It abounds in at least three fourths of his plays, and his realism was so downright earthy that it still retains the qualities which make for artistic greatness. He had learned that life was a mixture of many emotions, most effective when the familiar material of comedy is blended with tragedy."

"Do you think that the playing of very

light, whimsical comedy as we know it today is as stimulating as the comedy of Shakespeare's time?" I ventured.

"Yes . . . and no. It is less perfect but more symbolic of the mental attitude of our national life and hence more provocative. Literature, music, the theatre, especially the theatre, mirror the progress and moral stamina of a nation and it is through these three mediums of expression that the actor and the creative artists show us ourselves.

"As you know, I've done a number of the light comedies of today. My latest was Noel Coward's "Design for Living." Why shouldn't this type of work develop an actor with lightness of touch and depth of feeling? But to be able to play comedy, we must first know the meaning of tragedy.

"I've already told you that the knowledge of my lack of Shakespeare worried me until I remembered that John Barrymore and Alfred Lunt"

"But," I interrupted, "Barrymore has played Shakespeare."

"Yes, of course. His 'Hamlet' is unforgettable . . . like a beautiful picture . . . or a musical rendering of a Shakespearean song . . . it is lyrical in its clearness. Still, Barrymore arrived without it. Alfred Lunt established a new high in acting in such plays as "The Intimate Stranger," "Clarence" and "The Guardsman"—comedies entirely of our own age, untheatrical, life-like and with the realism essential to comic effect. In other words, it was not Shakespeare that made them great actors. It was the mastery of the art of impersonation that comes only with the experience gained from continued acting."

"I've heard it said that Barrymore's 'Hamlet' was a gesture of revenge against New York audiences," I said. "He wanted to prove he could hold their interest for a longer period than Edwin Booth, who was undoubtedly our most splendid Hamlet."

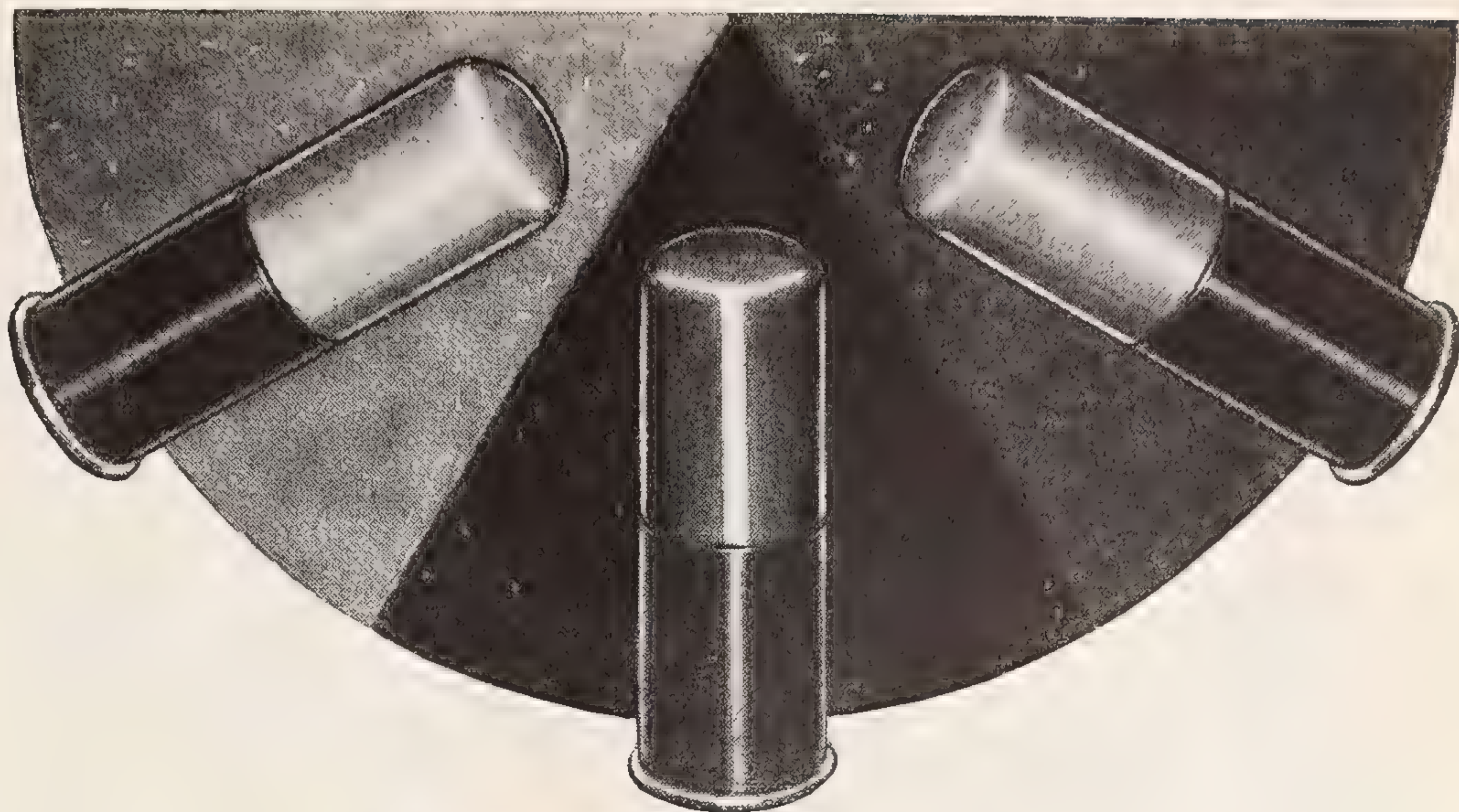
"It is a matter of record that he played 'Hamlet' 101 times in New York as against Booth's 100 performances," March replied. "But if he had not played exceptionally well he would not have been accepted for even a dozen performances. I think that's the best answer to people who malign him."

There is something very earnest about Fredric March's belief in the power of comedy to develop the best that is in an actor. He referred to Malvolio, as portrayed by St. Clair Bayfield, and which E. H. Sothern also made the central figure of "Twelfth Night." Malvolio was a comic, a man of the people intellectually and emotionally. He spoke of Charles Chaplin, who has made more people laugh than any two men of our day, and who earned his spurs in comedy. His characters are stamped pathetically with the tragic touch of realism . . . and Chaplin never played Shakespeare.

March likes the Noel Coward type of comedy because, at heart, he is a perfectly normal, fun-loving, light-hearted boy who will never grow up. He believes with Bergson that "laughter is above all a corrective." In whimsical rôles his keen sense of humor has full play . . . it effervesces with a heady, relaxing charm which might be likened to a sparkling glass of champagne. Yet, strangely enough, Freddie has scored his greatest success in rôles of dramatic intensity. Witness his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which won him an Academy award. And again, strangely enough, with a temperament utterly different, he has followed with remarkable exactitude in the steps of that Barrymore he so greatly admires and whose success was soldered with gems of comedy without the classical background of Mr. William Shakespeare.

So I heartily agree with Fredric March when he says:

"No, I do not think Shakespeare is necessary!"



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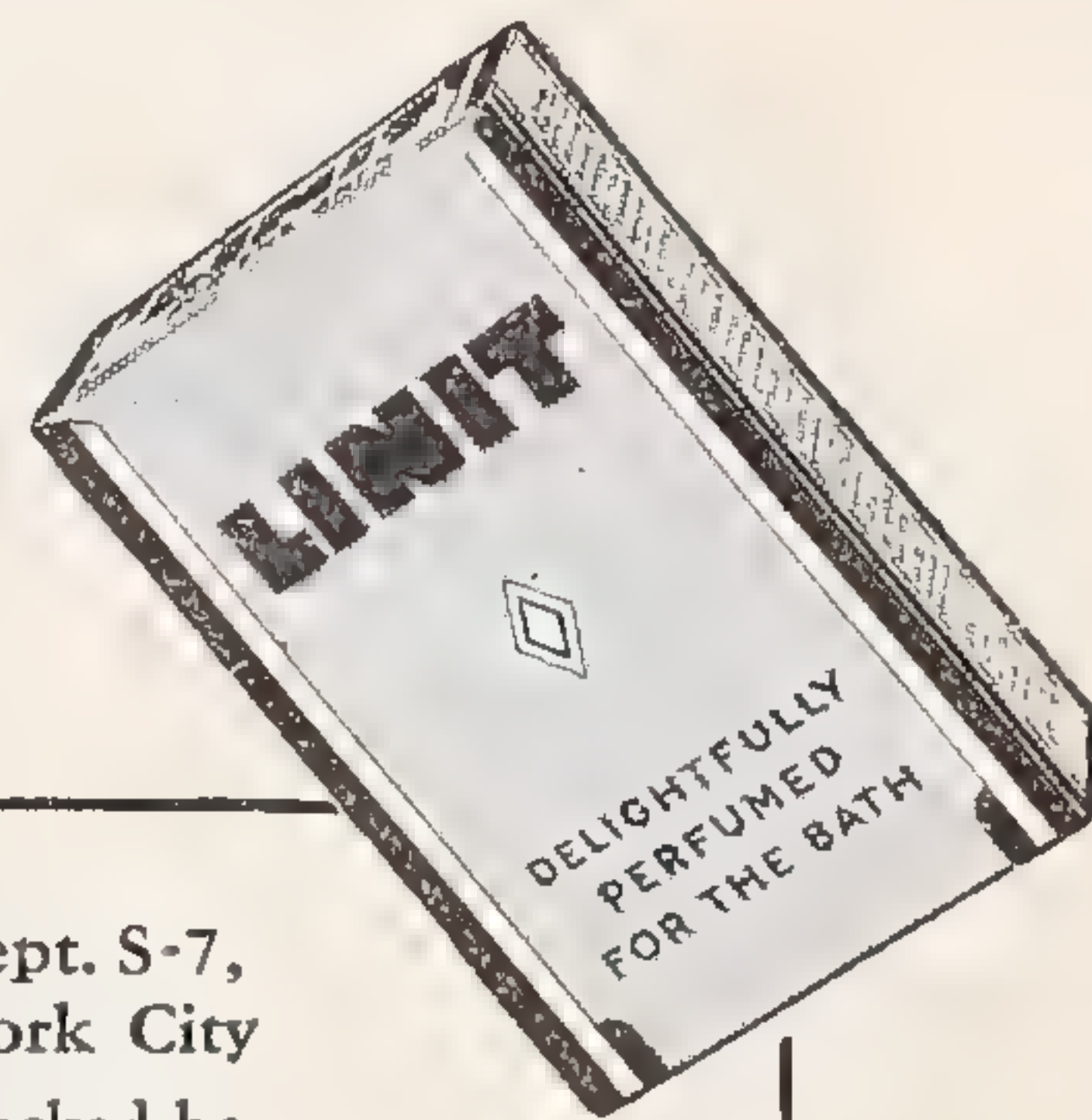
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Pictures Shooting

[Continued from page 33]

"My foot?" he echoes stupidly. "Oh," lifting up his right foot, "nothing."

"The other one," says Judith firmly.

"Oh," says W. C. lifting it. "Why, bless my soul," in well simulated surprise, "it's my sleeping car ticket. I must have dropped it. I bought it for you this morning," he explains lamely.

"I saw that man drop it," Judith announces.

"Wh—wh—what man?" Fields stutters.

"Give it back to him," says Judith.

"Why, I certainly bought a ticket," he expostulates, feeling hurriedly in his pockets for the ticket he knows blamed well isn't there.

"Give it back," Judy continues relentlessly.

"Wh—wh—why, if you saw him drop it, of course I'll give it back. It would be dishonest to keep it," this disciple of honesty-is-the-best-policy retorts indignantly. He rises majestically, pauses a moment to pick a moth out of his coat and strides off down the aisle.

Needless to say, the man doesn't get his ticket back.

Mr. Fields sleeps in *that* berth himself.

Judith sure looks pretty in her black taffeta dress with a lace vest and a cameo brooch at her throat. About her shoulders is a white ostrich feather boa. Off-hand I can think of no actress who has shown the improvement in her work Judith has since she appeared in "This Day and Age" and "Hell and High Water."

"THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY"

"The Great McGonigle". W. C. Fields
Albert Wendelschaffer...Baby Leroy
Gump.....Tommy Young
Betty McGonigle.....Judith Allen
Cleopatra Pepperday....Jan Duggan
Dick Bronson.....Jack Mulhall
Charles Lowell.....Joe Mills
Bartley Neuville....Samuel Ethridge
Mother Mack.....Emma Ray
Agatha Sprague.....Ruth Marion
Sheriff Brown.....Richard Carle

Next on tap is "Shoot the Works."

What a picture this should be! It's the story of Nicky Nelson (Jack Oakie) who runs a couple of freak attractions—a flagpole sitter (Roscoe Karns), and a somewhat moth-eaten, stuffed whale ballyhooed as the largest ever captured. His gang, in addition to Karns as *Sailor Burke*, consists of Arline Judge as Jackie (the Sailor's girl), Alison Skipworth as the Countess, and a tired old orchestra headed by Ben Bernie as Joe Davis, the Maestro. In addition, there are Dorothy Dell as Lila Raquel, with whom Jack falls in love, William Frawley as Larry Hale (a radio chatterer), Paul Cavanaugh as Bill Ritchie, a radio executive, and Lew Cody as Axel Hanratty, an agent.

Jack in full evening regalia is even more eye-filling than W. C. Fields in his fur colored overcoat.

"Hi, Brother Mook," Jack drawls twirling his cane.

"Hi, Brother Oakie," I counter. "What, in ten words or less, is the story of this epic?"

"Waal," Beau Brummel opines, as he takes the match on which he's been chewing from between his teeth, "I run these petty rackets but business ain't so hot. So my gang deserts me, all but the Countess (Alison Skipworth). The Maestro here (indicating Ben Bernie) gets a job broadcasting—"

"Yowsah," murmurs Mr. Bernie, keeping in character.

"And Arline?" I ask anxiously.

"Arline?" Jack repeats enthusiastically. "Oh, she gives more than any of us. She just gives all over the place."

I glance in the direction of Arline. What a picture! *What* a picture! Silver metal dress cut down to here in front and lower than that in back, black coque feathers around her shoulders, silver sandals through which can be seen her toes with their vermillion nails, and in her hand she carries a small silver evening bag. My idea of how a girl on the loose should look.

The scene is the broadcasting station when Jack is about to make his first ether appearance. The room is hung with heavy yellow drapes to deaden outside sounds. At one side are plate glass windows and through these can be seen the audience. Bernie is at the microphone with his orchestra behind him.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "a pleasurable duty falls on these young shoulders. Did I say 'young?' Fo'give me, fo'give me. But tonight we have a bit of an innovation for you—a new Master of Ceremonies—and *what* a master of ceremonies! You can take the Old Maestro's word for it, he will soon be the most popular announcer on the air. So 'elp me. And now, with a pit-pit-pit in me 'eart, I present to you my old friend and pal, Nicky Nelson."

And, so 'elp me, there's Jack Oakie on his way to the mike, a carnation in his buttonhole and a get-up that would have won him Peggy Hopkins Joyce a year ago. Tails, white tie, gloves, cane, silk topper and anything else that Watson & Son decree for evening wear.

Over and over and over they take that scene. Those tongue-twisting adjectives, delivered at breakneck speed, are too much for Jackie. It's the first time I ever knew him to blow up in a scene.

"SHOOT THE WORKS"

Nicky Nelson.....Jack Oakie
Jackie.....Arline Judge
Sailor Burke.....Roscoe Karns
The Countess.....Alison Skipworth
Joe Davis, the Maestro...Ben Bernie
Lila Raquel.....Dorothy Dell
Larry Hale.....William Frawley
Bill Ritchie.....Paul Cavanaugh
Axel Hanratty.....Lew Cody

THE most massive set of the month, by long odds, is De Mille's for "Cleopatra." It's the lady's throne room. There are two columns, one on either side of the throne, which must measure at least twelve feet in diameter at their widest point. Straight down the room on either side are eight other pillars, spaced at about eight foot intervals. Behind them in lieu of a wall are red plush curtains, supported by gold spears and with gold ropes and tassels draped around the tops.

The throne is a huge, gilt affair with what looks like a gigantic pair of gilt wings behind it.

Claudette is in shimmering black with a gilt headdress. In that enormous room she looks small—and helpless. But, somehow, one has the feeling that Claudette can always take care of herself. At her feet are her two handmaidens, Eleanore Phelps and Grace Durkin.

Suddenly there is a terrific crash as the Romans batter at her doors.

"They are here," Claudette announces in a sombre voice, "so give me my basket. The time has come."

Grace and Eleanore stare in horror as a slave girl enters with a small basket. Claudette dips her hand in and takes out a tiny

asp. It encircles her wrist as she holds it behind the head. There is the sound of marching men, drawing nearer.

"Goodbye, little Iras—Charmion," Claudette says to the two girls. "Look well for love—and look—and look. Not finding it, give nothing. But, if blessed with Cleopatra's fortune, give all."

As the girls look on, weeping, Claudette places the asp against her bosom. She starts a little as the fangs are buried in the soft flesh.

"Cut," calls De Mille.

I hasten to assure you that the asps are real. The trick is that the fangs have been drawn and it is as harmless as a fly.

"Whoops," says Claudette coming down from the throne. "I haven't see you since the night you and my worthy husband made spectacles of yourselves up at Joan Blondell's and George Barnes' house."

"That must have been about three thousand years ago, Cleo, in another incarnation," I smile.

"Oh, phfff," says Claudette as she goes off to powder.

"CLEOPATRA"

Cleopatra.....Claudette Colbert
Julius Caesar.....Warren William
Marc Antony.....Henry Wilcoxon
Appolodorus.....Irving Pichel
Octavian.....Ian Keith
Enobarbus.....C. Aubrey Smith
Calpurnia.....Gertrude Michael
Octavia.....Claudia Dell
Herod.....Leonard Mudie
Charmion.....Eleanore Phelps
Iras.....Grace Durkin
Drusus.....John Rutherford
Brutus.....Arthur Hohl
Cassius.....Ian MacLaren
Casca.....Edwin Maxwell
Achillas.....Robert Warwick
Soothsayer.....Harry Beresford
Cicero.....Charles Morris

IT SEEMS there is no end to the activity on the Paramount lot this month.

Next door to "Cleopatra" is a very modern story called "The Great Flirtation," featuring Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou.

The picture is just starting. Adolphe is the great matinée idol of Budapest and Elissa his sweetheart. He wants to marry her but he also wants her to give up the stage. She has been touring the country but her show has been closed by the sheriff, and she has just returned to town.

The scene is the sitting room of Menjou's suite at the theatre.



In "I Married An Actress," Adolphe Menjou battles with Elissa Landi.

Just as Elissa is about to storm through the door, Menjou catches up with her and seizes her by the shoulders. He is shaking with jealousy. Elissa has been bluffing, telling him she is about to go into rehearsal with another play.

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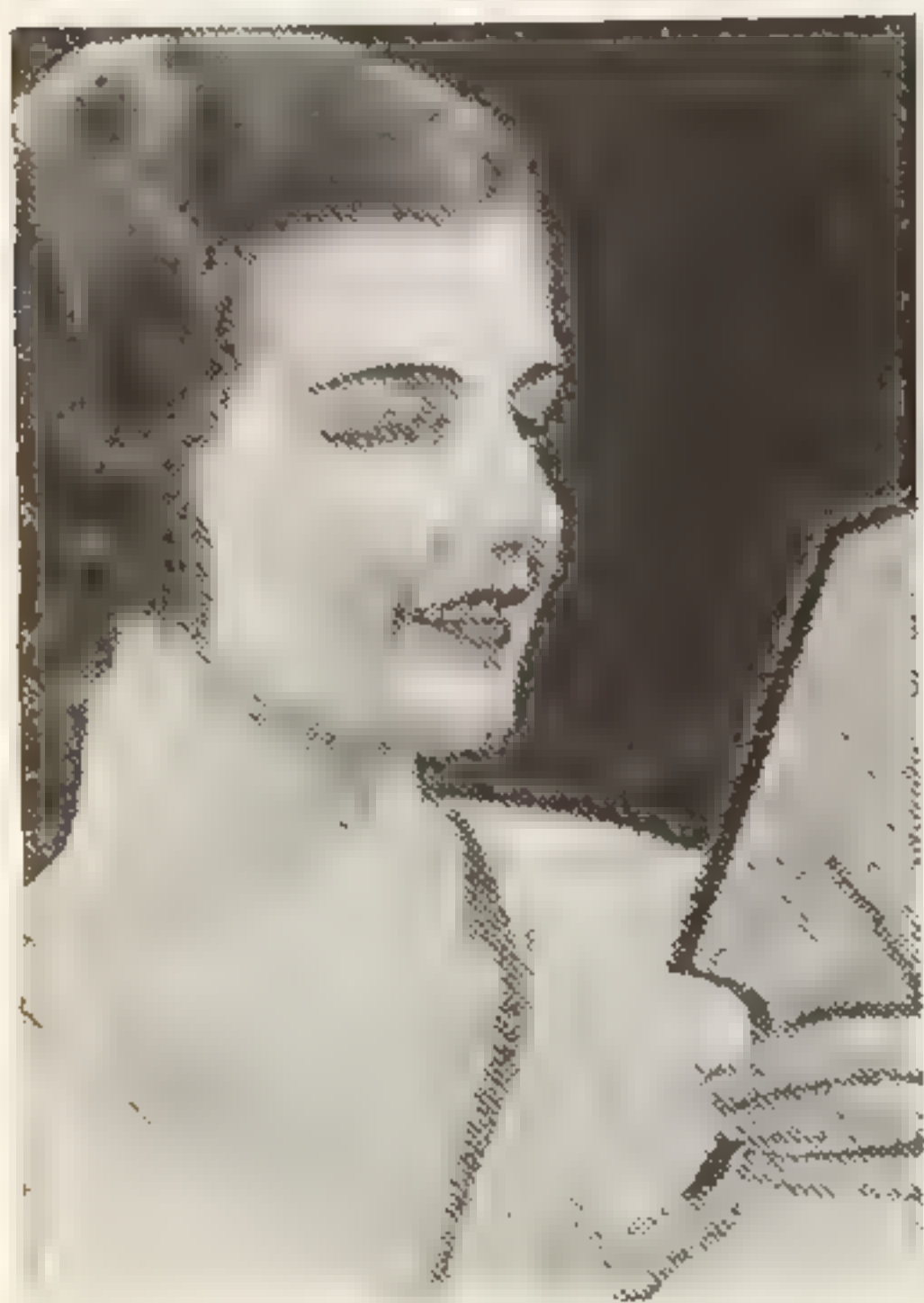
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"Zital" shouts Menjou. "Who's in that company? Who's the leading man?"
"No one you know," Elissa assures him, pulling away.

"I won't let you go," Menjou froths, holding on to her arm.

They have to take the scene several times because Mr. Menjou always blows up in his lines. I wish I had the money he's cost various companies for retakes on account of not remembering his lines.

"THE GREAT FLIRTATION"

Zita.....Elissa Landi
Stephan Karpath...Adolphe Menjou
Larry Kenyon.....David Manners
Henry Morgan.....Alan Mowbray
Joe Lang.....Lynne Overman
Mikos.....Adrian Rosley
Arpad.....George Baxter
Irene.....Judith Voselli
Paul.....Olin Howland
Director.....Paul Porcasi

ONE more and Paramount and I can kiss each other goodbye until next month. It's called, saccharinely, "Kiss and Make Up."

It's the story of a plastic surgeon, (Cary Grant) who falls in love with his best and most beautiful patient, Genevieve Tobin. When her husband (Edward Everett Horton) surprises them in an amorous situation he divorces her and she marries Cary. Cary's secretary (Helen Mack), also in love with him, is hurt, chagrined and disappointed. Suddenly she finds she could work for him even though he wasn't in love with her but she can't work for him when he's married to someone else.

She quits and goes back to town.

A taxi draws up to the front of the building in which Cary works. Baggage is tied on to the top. It is piled high inside and strapped on behind. On a running board are numerous little wire cages with guinea pigs, white mice, and what-nots in them. In the centre of all this is Lucien Littlefield, looking slightly bewildered. The driver is John Sinclair, an old stunt man.



Cary Grant takes possession of Lucien Littlefield's cab in "Kiss and Make Up."

Cary rushes, hatless, from his place, sees the cab at the door, hops in before the astonished Lucien can get out and unload. "Follow that cab," Cary orders pointing towards the fast disappearing one carrying Helen, and off they go.

"KISS AND MAKE UP"

DoctorCary Grant
PatientHelen Mack
SecretaryGenevieve Tobin
Husband....Edward Everett Horton

At Columbia

PRACTICALLY around the corner, Columbia has three pictures going. Supposedly the most important is "One

Night of Love" featuring Grace Moore, whom you may or may not recall as having played opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The New Moon." While on the Metro lot Miss Moore had the reputation of being just a little too difficult to work with.

As I breeze jauntily into the publicity office, Mary Bartol, who handles such matters, plops me in a chair before I go out on the stages.

"Dick," she begins enthusiastically, "wouldn't you like to do a story on Grace Moore?"

"No!" I answer promptly and ungallantly.

"Why?" asks Mary in a hurt tone.

"Because she has the reputation of being a—of being—well, of being a nasty, mean woman," I finish desperately. "I've heard stories of her when she was with Metro and I've heard stories of her since she's been here."

"It's a lie," says Mary hotly. "She's a swell girl and I know because I've worked with her."

The first set I visit is "One Night of Love," where I'm privileged to gaze upon this maligned and misunderstood beauty.

The scene is her boudoir, done in French period furniture. There is a dressing table with a lot of feminine frippery on it. A bench upholstered in red damask stands in front of it. At one end an archway going up to a point like a cathedral window, leads to a bay window. Miss Moore is striking in a tight-fitting navy crêpe dress trimmed with frilled white organdy.

This is the story of Judith Allen (Miss Moore) who takes the money she has won in a radio voice contest and goes to Italy to study for an operatic career. Losing her money she is forced to sing in a cheap cellar cafe where she meets Tullio Carminati, the greatest teacher in Europe. He has a habit of seeking protégés and training them for grand opera. With his latest, Lally (Nydia Westman) he has made the mistake of falling in love, but vows he'll never do that again. He takes Miss Moore and trains her with the understanding that any time she falls in love with him, all is over between them.

Just when things are going smoothly, Nydia turns up again, sees at a glance they are in love with each other and manoeuvres to get Tullio back. She calls at his apartment, engineers a scene which Grace is bound to misconstrue and then leaves. We pick them up the next morning in the room I've already described.

Miss Moore is reclining on a chaise longue, reading a book. As Carminati comes into the room, she puts the book down, takes a small mirror out of her bag and looks at herself.

"Shall I tell you what happened last night?" he offers.

"I'm not interested," Grace replies coldly, rising and moving away—upstage.

"Interested or not, you're going to listen to me," he snaps following her. "I did go to see Lally—but I didn't stay. Every minute I was with her, I found my heart was with a silly girl who plays tricks on me. And I found out something else—that for two years I have been fighting down what has been in my heart from the first moment I saw you. Now I know that I have always been—"

Suddenly, Mr. Carminati breaks off and faces the director, Victor Schertzinger. "I'm sorry. I can't play the scene that way. It's not the way we rehearsed it."

Hotter and hotter the argument waxes but my guide drags me off. And just when the first really interesting incident of the day occurs. Mary was right, though, Miss Moore is a swell girl to work with. All those stories about her are a pack of lies!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

Judith Allen.....Grace Moore
Montevideo.....Tullio Carminati
Bill Houston.....Lyle Talbot
Giovanni.....Louis Alberni
Galuppi.....Andreas de Seguro
Radio Announcer.....Sam Hayes
Frappazini.....Marie Gloez
Café Proprietor.....Henry Armetta
Angelina.....Jessie Ralph
Lally.....Nydia Westman

ACROSS the street the atmosphere is a little more peaceful. That is, it's more peaceful as far as the actors are concerned. The film is called "Hell Cat" and the plot, m'dears, simply *seethes*. It's all about a reporter (Robert Armstrong) who has occasion to slap a society girl's (Ann Sothern's) face. The feud is on. After many situations and cross situations, Bob gets a tip that a gangster is unloading a cargo from a yacht and later, to his intense surprise—but not *mine*—it turns out to be Ann's father's yacht. The captain has double-crossed Mr. Sothern and is smuggling Chinese into these here United States.

When I amble on to the set I find it is the hold of the yacht. Everywhere you look barrels are stacked around. There is a coil of 2" rope with a pulley and block on it. There is a rack full of what looks like huge Roman candles but which has a sign on it "Distress Rockets. Don't touch."

Imagine! The barrels are full of Chinese. Another surprise. The director is Al Rogell. I've heard rumors before that he was a director but I didn't believe them. I always thought his chief claim to fame was the fact that he married Ena Gregory, but, no! Here he is in the flesh directing. Bob Armstrong is on the set but he isn't in this scene. "Hi, Bob," I yell genially.

"Hullo," says Bob cautiously. He doesn't trust writers. I wouldn't do you dirt, Bob.

"HELL CAT"

Dan Collins.....Bob Armstrong
Geraldine.....Ann Sothern
Pauline McCoy.....Minna Gombell
Snapper Dugan.....Benny Baker
Reagan.....James P. Burtie
Ramsey.....Richard Hemming
Evans.....Lynn Cowan
Adams.....Nick Copeland

Incidentally, look for Mr. Hemming. He's a friend of mine. His real name is Hemmingway (no foolin') and he's as nice a looking juvenile as you'll find in this year's crop.

THERE is yet another picture shooting at Columbia. "Black Moon" it's called. It's about Jack Holt, his wife, (Dorothy Burgess) and his little girl (the child wonder, Cora Sue Collins). Holt has never been quite able to fathom the attitude of Dot. At their marriage she was full of love but for the past few years she has been cold, reserved, *almost* repulsing him. Towards their child she has the same unresponsive attitude.

It is the first day of shooting on the picture. Cora Sue is in her nursery playing. The nursery is in the attic of a New York residence. Not a musty attic, either. The walls have been done over in attractive figured paper. An elaborate doll's house covered with Noah's Ark figures stands at one side of the room and various toys are scattered about. There are dormer windows. On a small table in one of them stand an electric owl and a small bowl of sweet peas.

Cora Sue, carrying a doll in a red dress with a blue cape on it, is very upset. She approaches my guide "I thought," she pipes, "this cape was supposed to be red to match the dress on my dolly."

"Oh, dear," sighs my guide, "you'd better see the director at once."

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So Cora Sue goes to Roy William Neill, the director. "Pardon me," she lisps, "but I thought this cape was supposed to be red."

Mr. Neill is quite distressed. He yells loudly for the wardrobe man and presently the assistant appears. "You won't do," Mr. Neill informs him. "This is a case for the head man. Something has got to be done about this doll's cape. It doesn't match her dress."

So, by and by, the head wardrobe man comes and takes the doll away to get a fitting cape. When he returns the scene starts.

Cora Sue takes her place in the centre of the room and begins beating on a drum with her hands. Dot Burgess comes in and stands a moment, watching. Then she frowns as though displeased.



Cora Sue Collins, the cute drummer of "Black Moon."

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"No, no, Nancy," she says taking the child's hands. "Like this." She attempts to make the baby's hands beat the correct rhythm. The child is trying hard but doesn't get it right.

"Here," says Dot. "Give it to me. Look." She starts to beat on the drum with her bare hands. It is immediately evident that she is expert at it. As she beats, her eyes become unnaturally bright and her body tenses to the rhythm. I'll let you in on a secret. Before she married, she was a voodoo priestess.

Every time I think of Cora Sue, I think of a story going the rounds. One day at school she decided to become a motion picture star. So she gravely tore out the pages of her book, autographed them and solemnly passed them around to her friends.

If you like the occult, see this by all means. It's full of thrills, chills and horrors.

"BLACK MOON"

Lane Jack Holt
Juanita Dorothy Burgess
Nancy Cora Sue Collins
Gail Fay Wray
Macklin Lumsden Hare
Lynch Clarence Muse
Anna Eleanor Wesselhoeft

At Fox's Western Studio

ONLY one picture shooting here this month. It's Will Rogers, no less, in "Handy Andy." The scene is the ballroom of an hotel in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras. I couldn't find out which hotel. Maybe the Grunewald, maybe the Roosevelt. Maybe some natives of New Orleans will recognize it and write me month after next. But it's a ballroom. There's no doubt of that. There are columns along the sides, with gilt cornices supporting the balcony. Wherever you look confetti is strewn about. At one side is the orchestra platform with rose colored drapes at the back and green velour at the sides. Balloons are tied to the balcony railing.

The tables are packed with people in fancy costumes.

Peggy Wood, who created the principal part in the operetta "Maytime" years ago, makes her cinema debut in this picture. She looks about eighteen in her hoop skirt, basque waist, and huge floppy picture hat. Her gown is turquoise blue with lace and sequins over it. She is sitting at a table with Helen Flint (who looks charming in a flowered taffeta made in the Marie Antoinette style), Gregory Gaye and Richard Tucker.

Suddenly Tucker leaves the table and steps to the microphone. "And now," he announces, "by the royal command of the good King Comus, one of his beautiful subjects, a visitor in our midst, will honor us with a song. I have the honor of presenting Mrs. Andrew Yates."

Peggy puts her hand to her bosom with a well-simulated expression of surprise. Her lips form themselves into an inaudible "Oooh! Not I?" exactly as I saw Mae Murray do once at an Actor's Equity meeting when she had donated \$50 or so and they called on her for a speech. Only Peggy is supposed to be acting.

When the applause dies down she sings a song called "Roses in the Rain." What a voice! What a voice, as Mr. Durante would say.

"HANDY ANDY"

Andrew Yates Will Rogers
Ernestine Yates Peggy Wood
Fleurette Conchita Montenegro
Janice Yates Mary Carlisle
Pierre Martel Gregory Gaye
"Doc" Burmeister Roger Imhof

"That's all there is," says Frank Perrett regretfully, so we leave. "Anything else I

can do you for?" he asks most obligingly. "Yeah," I sputter. "You could drown a dozen or so of these foreign actors Fox is signing up."

"Oh," says Frank. "Ordinary sarcasm isn't good enough for you any more, eh? You've got to get nasty."

There seems to be no answer to that so I jog on out to—

Fox's Westwood Studio

ONLY one picture shooting here, too ("Grand Canary") and guess who's in it? Right! None other than that sterling actor Warner Baxter. This time, however, there is no strain as I approach his set. I told you month before last, we're friends, didn't I?



H. B. Warner and Warner Baxter in
"Grand Canary," a doctor story.

"Hi, Dick," says Warner jovially as I approach. "That was damned nice of you to put in that squib about me. I appreciate it."

"Tush, tush," I murmur, my face reddening. "Forget it. Just tell me what this is all about."

"I'm not sure," Warner admits. "This is the first day of shooting and they haven't finished the script. All I know is I'm a doctor who has made a mistake so I'm ostracized by the profession. I go to the dogs. Finally when things become unbearable I start for the South Sea Islands. Everyone goes there, don't they?"

"Never mind," Director Irving Cummings interrupts, "just forget it and let's take this scene."

"GRAND CANARY"

Dr. Eith Warner Baxter
Dr. Ismay H. B. Warner
Lady Mary Fielding... Madge Evans
Susan Tanter Zita Johann
Robert Tanter Barry Norton
Daisy Hemingway—

Marjorie Rambeau

Jimmy Corcoran Roger Imhof
Elissa Baynham Juliette Compton
Capt. Renton Gilbert Emery

FROM Fox I make the usual jump to M-G-M and find things a little dull there, too, although what there is has class.

"Treasure Island," with Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Dorothy Peterson, Wm. V. Mong, Lewis Stone, Nigel Bruce and Edmund Breese is on location so that's one ordeal I'm spared.

"The Merry Widow" is just starting and everything is in an uproar so I'll tell you about that one next month.

Left are the "Barretts of Wimpole Street," starring Norma Shearer and Fredric March.

It is Elizabeth's room (Norma's) in the gloomy old Barrett home during the Vic-

torian era. In the center is the mahogany desk at which she writes. Near it is a blue satin footstool. At the end of the room are three windows. On either side of the center one is a commode. The windows are covered with heavy purple velvet drapes. A couple of oil paintings (portraits) hang over one commode and a book shelf over the other. A marble vase stands on a shelf over a door leading to another room. More of the purple velvet draperies hide the wardrobe. Behind the desk is an old black marble fireplace and between it and the desk is a sofa upholstered in the same blue satin that covers the footstool.

In this gloomy house the three Barrett girls live like prisoners, fear of their father (Charles Laughton) a half mad tyrant, shadowing their lives, his jealousy robbing them of freedom and youth. The frail, sensitive Elizabeth has wilted like a flower in the melancholy atmosphere, though she finds a momentary escape from reality through the medium of her poetry.

In London, Robert Browning (Fredric March) reads her book of verse and her soul is revealed to him. A secret correspondence is commenced that fires the impetuous Freddie to see the author and tell her he loves her. He sweeps convention aside and arrives at the house. Fortunately the father is away. We pick them up in Elizabeth's room as he pleads with her to marry him.

"Here's life," he cried. "Life—offering us the best that life can give—and you dare not grasp at it for fear it will turn to dust in your hand! I don't know you. I never thought you were a coward!"

Over and over they take the scene. "I'm sorry," Freddie keeps saying to Sidney Franklin, the director. "I just can't get it the way you want it. I keep leaving my voice up on that last 'no' instead of dropping it."

It's no fun on this set. Freddie's half sick and you just don't joke with Miss Shearer. I'm tickled to death to give you the cast and leave. There are several other small parts but they haven't been cast yet. They'll engage actors for those parts as they're ready to shoot the scenes they're in.

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

Elizabeth Barrett....Norma Shearer
Robert Browning....Fredric March
Mr. Barrett.....Charles Laughton
Henrietta Barrett—

Maurine O'Sullivan
Arabel Barrett.Katharine Alexander
Wilson.....Una O'Connor
Bevan.....Ian Woolf
Bella.....Marian Clayton

Next, there's "100% Pure," which will probably undergo a change of title before you see it. This stars the one and only Harlow and the part is tailor made for her.

Rich men are on the make all the time but she's determined not to give in except in exchange for a wedding ring. Lewis Stone, unable to get her any other way, becomes engaged to her, gives her his cuff links and then commits suicide at the party. P. R. Paige (Lionel Barrymore), a power in the country though half drunk at the time, saves her from being searched. Later she visits his office and re-affirms her untouchability except through marriage. Lionel, to get rid of her, lends her some money and then goes off to Palm Beach, taking with him his son, Franchot Tone.

Who should show up at his Palm Beach Bank a few days later except Jean. And does she look cute in a long white organdy dress trimmed in periwinkle blue ribbon and with a white straw hat pushed up off her face. She is standing in a corner of the bank proper, looking towards the door of a private office. The door opens and this

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Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

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time Franchot emerges, his eyes full of purpose—but Jean isn't interested. She thinks he's a clerk.

"Dick, you louse!" Jean cries catching sight of me, when the scene is finished. "Where've you been? When are you coming up to see my new house?"

"Gee! You look cute!" I stutter.

"I look a fright," she affirms. "This dress should be worn at a costume party."

All I've got to say is if Jean ever appeared at any party looking like that she'd be made!

Eadie.....Jean Harlow
P. R. Paige.....Lionel Barrymore
Cousins.....Lewis Stone
Tom Paige.....Franchot Tone
Bert.....Russell Hopton
Miss Newberry....Clara Blandick
Grant.....Alan Mowbray
Kitty.....Patsy Kelly

Only one other picture shooting out here—"The Thin Man"—starring William Powell and Myrna Loy.

This is a murder mystery and you know how studios are about telling the plots of murder plays. All I know is that this particular set is a bathroom.

"What's this all about?" I ask Florence, the script girl.

"You'll see," she whispers mysteriously.

"Who's in this scene?" I demand

"Powell and Minna Gombell."

"Let's come back later," my guide suggests. "We'll catch a better scene."

"Nix," I retort. "I've often seen scenes in a bathroom with a couple of fellows but I've never seen one with a man and a woman. I want to see what they do."

So presently the scene starts. The door

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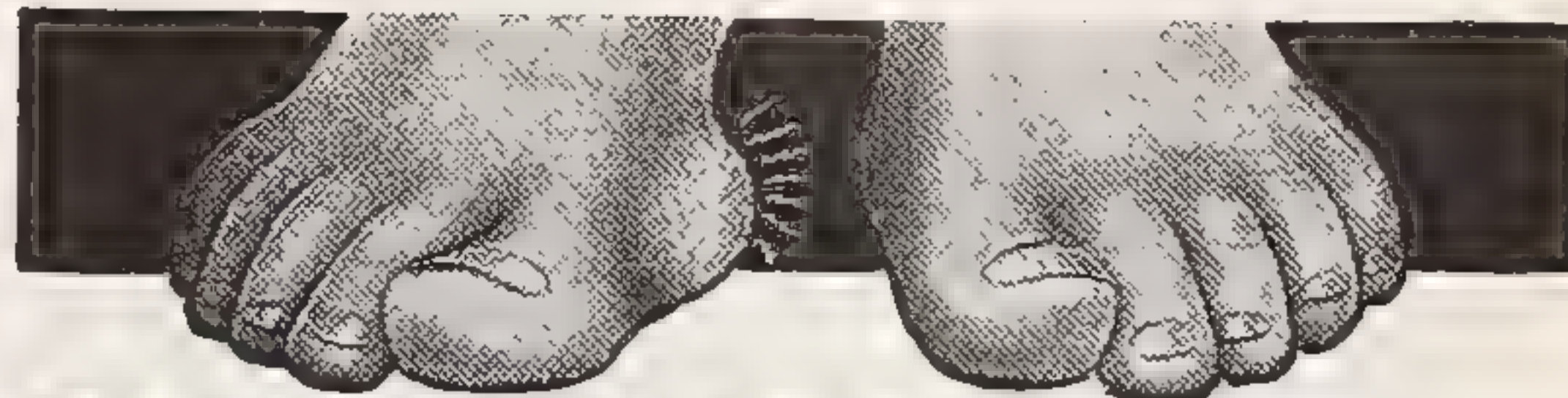


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opens and William Powell enters with Minna. She turns and looks around in a bewildered manner, just as though she'd never seen a bathroom before.

"THE THIN MAN"

Nick Charles.....William Powell
Nora (his wife).....Myrna Loy
Clyde Wynant.....Edward Ellis
Mimi Jorgensen....Minna Gombell
Dorothy Wynant.....Maureen O'Sullivan
Gilbert Wynant.....William Henry
Nels Jorgensen.....Caesar Romero
Guild.....Nat Pendleton

At Universal

ONLY one picture shooting here. My luck's improving. It's the hoped-to-be epochal "Little Man, What Now?" from the best seller of the same name. This is the book one of Earl Carroll's



At last a bathroom in pictures, and Minna Gombell and William Powell in "The Thin Man."

cuties went into a bookstore and asked for under the title of "Little Man, So What?"

It's the sad story of a little German clerk (Douglass Montgomery) who gets a girl (Margaret Sullavan) into trouble. You know. Although he can't afford it, they marry. The man he works for (DeWitt Jennings) wants Doug to marry his daughter (Muriel Kirkland). When they find Doug is already married they fire him. Things go from bad to worse. When they seem hopeless, Margaret writes to Doug's mother (Catherine Doucet) in Berlin for help. Cathy writes back immediately for them to come to her, that her "friend" (Alan Hale) will find a job for Doug. But when they arrive, she has forgotten all about having written them. However, Alan is stricken by the sight of Margaret's appealing helplessness and finds a job for Doug at the store of a friend of his.

Doug doesn't make much money but one day he takes his whole month's salary and buys a vanity Margaret had admired in a furniture store. Fool! They can't afford the exorbitant rent his mother demands so they move into a little attic that can only be reached by climbing a ladder. A little later he is fired.

The same day, before he reaches home, Hale arrives with his trunk, declaring he is through with Miss Doucet and has come to pay Margaret and Doug a visit. He brings her a dress for a present and invites them to go to a night club with him that evening.

I must tell you about that dress. A cool \$2600 it cost, believe it or not. There are fifty yards of 72-inch bridal tulle. Two shifts of fifty women worked night and day for seven days to make it. It was worked on frames. Each group had a piece of tulle stretched on a frame and worked on it. The design of butterflies, Cupids and garlands was stencilled on a heavier net put underneath the tulle and about a

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million iridescent fish scale sequins (made of a gelatine composition) were sewn on by hand. These sequins come in bunches of 6,000 to a bunch and four hundred



In "Little Man, What Now?" Alan Hale brings gifts to Margaret Sullivan.

bunches were used. There are over three hundred yards of fluted, ruffled tulle used in it, all hand-rolled. There is a narrow ribbon around the edge of the dress that is spangled on both sides in the same design, so that when it turns as she walks, the design will still show.

"I just know," wails the stylist, "it will be wrecked before she finishes the scene and we won't get any fashion pictures of it."

Here's who's who in U's big offering for 1934:

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

Lammchen.....Margaret Sullivan
Hans Pinneberg

Douglass Montgomery

Jachman.....Alan Hale

Mia Pinneberg....Catherine Doucet

Emil Kleinholz....DeWitt Jennings

Frau Kleinholz.....Bodil Rising

Marie Kleinholz....Muriel Kirkland

Kleinholz, Jr.....Donald Haynes

Shultz.....George Meeker

Lauderback.....Paul Fix

Dr. Sesam.....Carlos de Valdez

Nurse.....Hedda Hopper

Communist.....Fred Kohler

His Wife.....Mae Marsh

Widow Scharrenhofer.Sarah Padden

Mr. Sesam.....Tom Ricketts

Lehman.....Frank Reicher

Kessler.....Murray Kinnell

At Warner Brothers

MY luck is still holding; only one shooting here, too, called "Dames." But, ah, my foes, and, oh, my friends, I haven't the heart to give you the plot—at least not much of it. Hugh Herbert is an old reprobate of a millionaire who cuts off all his family without a sou, except Guy Kibbee. He promises Guy ten million if Guy will start the Ounce Society for the Uplift of Morals and if he, himself, is strictly moral.

There isn't a hackneyed line or situation known to the musical comedy stage that has been overlooked in the concoction of this one. They're all there, from the chorus girl who hides in Guy's compartment and later blackmails him into putting up money for a show, to the one where Hugh goes to the opening night of the show with the intention of suppressing it as immoral, gets drunk on cough medicine and flirts with the chorus girl.

Nothing has been overlooked, although the swell cast they've assembled and the music may pull it through. Lookit the cast:

"DAMES"

Jimmy.....Dick Powell
Barbara.....Ruby Keeler
Mabel.....Joan Blondell
Horace.....Guy Kibbee
Ezra Ounce.....Hugh Herbert
Mathilda.....ZaSu Pitts
Billings.....Johnny Arthur
Dickie.....Ronnie Cosby
Elworthy.....Berton Churchill
Songwriter.....Phil Regan
Maid.....Leila Bennett
Bulger.....Arthur Vinton
Conductor.....Arthur Aylesworth
The Wife.....Bess Flowers
The Husband.....Pat O'Malley
The Aunt.....Claire McDowell
Dance Director.....Harry Seymour

Although Hughie hates all his relatives, most obnoxious to him is Dick Powell. But, as I can testify, Dick is not a young man lacking in nerve. He goes to Guy's house, where Hugh is stopping, determined to see Hugh.

The set is simply a hallway. There is a beamed ceiling, and an oriental runner on the floor. A mirror hangs on the wall opposite the entrance, with a green settee (on which Arthur Vinton is gently snoring) beneath it. An archway to the side of the mirror opens from the hall to the living room, which is two steps down.

As the scene opens we see Leila Bennett (who is practically my favorite comedienne) as the maid, opening the outer door. There stands Dick beaming. He immediately shoves his foot in so she can't close it. He is carrying a salesman's brief case.

"And a very good evening to you," Dick beams effulgently.

"We don't want to buy nothing," says Leila eyeing the briefcase suspiciously.

"I represent the Empire Insurance Company of Buffalo," Dick explains blithely, tapping the briefcase.

"We got more insurance than we need," Leila retorts abruptly. "Go 'way," trying to close the door on his foot.

"I'm coming in," Dick warns her.

"I got orders," Leila snaps.

"Cut," yells Ray Enright, the director.

"Oh, for goodness sake," ZaSu Pitts flutters as I come up to shake hands. "Where've you been?"

"In hiding," I murmur brightly.

"They finally caught up with you, eh?" says ZaSu.

"Dick!" Joan Blondell screeches and comes flying at me. "We were talking about you the other night. We haven't seen you in a month. Norman Foster and Claudette are coming up tomorrow for dinner and Norman's going to take us to a dive afterwards. Will you come?"

"Lady," I reply earnestly, "I'll come for dinner this evening and spend the night for fear of missing something tomorrow. How's about it?"

"You're a cinch," says George Barnes, as he emerges from behind his camera.

So I dash home to get a typewriter, intending to do my stint under the stimulus of the Blondell-Barnes wit, and what could be more stimulating than that—except, maybe, the Pisco Punch they serve.

We are reminded of the devotion that Wally Beery has shown for his wife during these weeks that she has been confined in a hospital. While the "Treasure Island" company has been living over around Catalina, Wally has been commuting. And daily he's been arising at 5 A. M., rushing to the hospital, getting his plane and flying himself to the island, leaping into a speedboat and joining the troupe. At the end of each day he's been reversing the process—boat, plane, hospital, home! When we told him we thought it was pretty sweet, he just said, "If it were me, she'd swim!"

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The Final Thing



Howard Estabrook

WORK is beginning on "David Copperfield" at M-G-M. We are pleased to advise that Dickens lovers need feel no apprehension. Their favorite author will not be Hollywooded nor will this classic appear all sexed up as "Copperfield's Mate" or "David's Love." They may, on the contrary, look forward to a fine picture in the true, gentle spirit of Dickens, for Howard Estabrook is on the job.

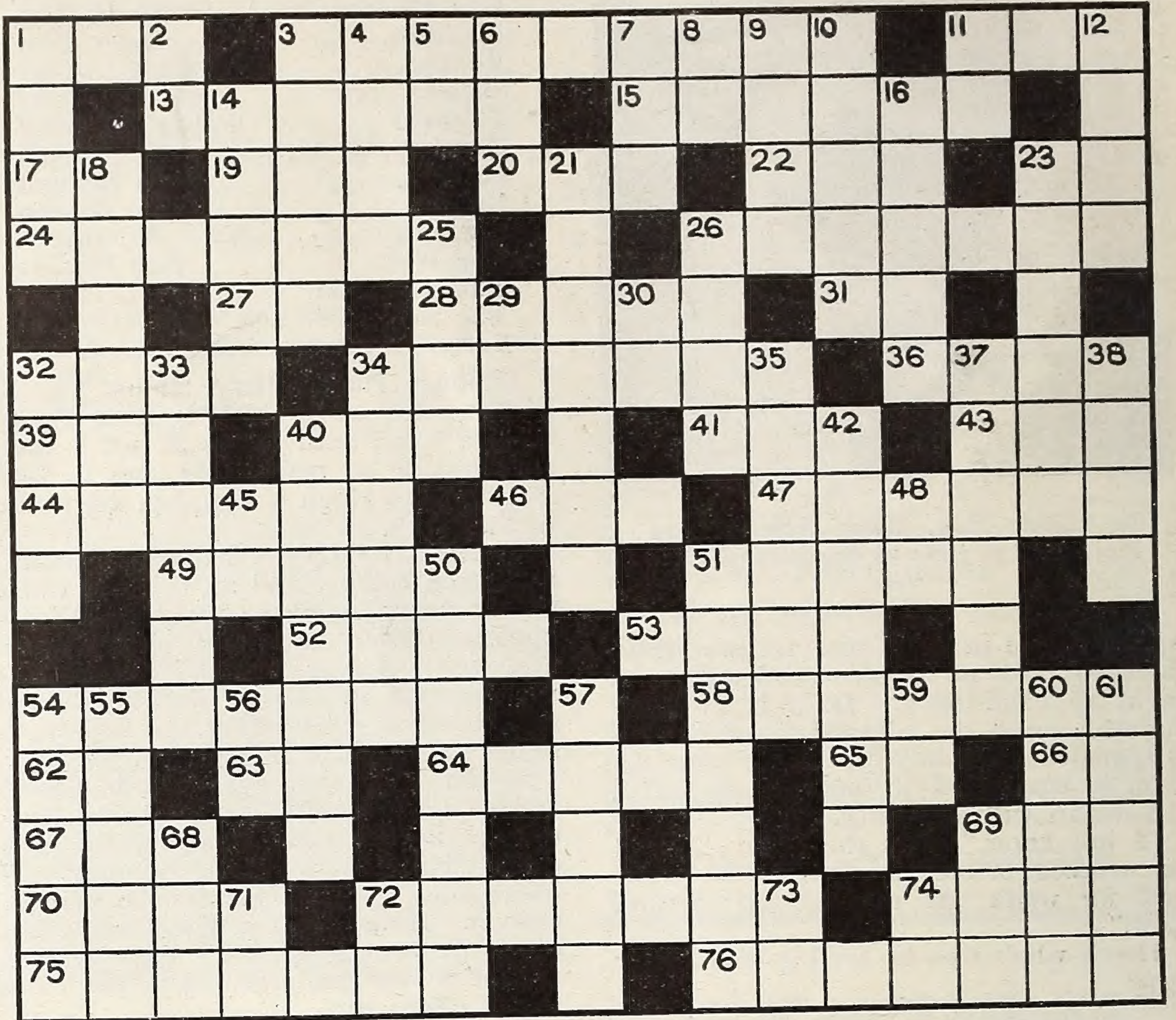
Howard has given us many great pictures including "Cimarron," "Bill of Divorcement," "The Bowery" and "Hell's Angels." He knows how to write for the screen. But the reason we look forward to the adaptation which he will make of "David Copperfield" is that he is a true disciple of Dickens and literally worships the author of "The Personal History of David Copperfield"—to give the book its true title. We have heard Howard Estabrook repeat from memory long passages from the book, and listened while he pointed out the true Dickens flavor, and we are sure that this warm appreciation of the great author will be evident in the finished picture. Dickens himself wrote: "Of all my books, I like this the best. Like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is David Copperfield."

We are grateful to Mr. Estabrook for his respectful attitude and feel, like Little Em'ly, "I'd like to give him a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, a cocked hat, a large gold watch, a silver pipe, and a box of money"—to show our faith in him.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

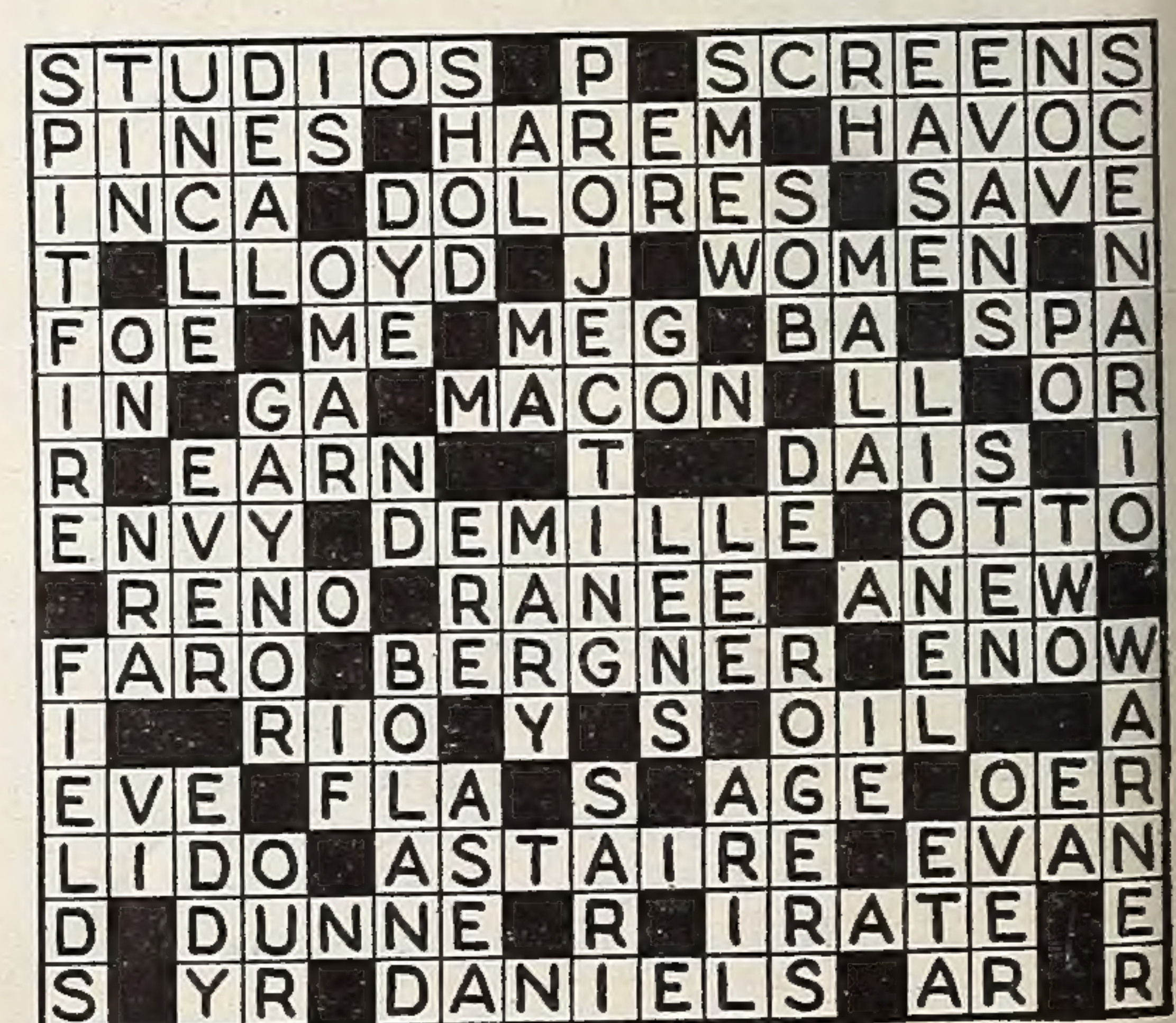
- 1 A lively emotion of happiness
- 3 The runaway bride in "It Happened One Night"
- 11 Sum up
- 13 Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
- 15 A famous blues singer
- 17 A night club favorite (initials)
- 19 "Diamond Lil"
- 20 Beast of burden
- 22 Lubricate
- 23 She married Bill Powell in "Fashions of 1934" (initials)
- 24 He's now making a concert tour
- 26 A sepulchral monument of Egypt
- 27 A well known character actor (initials)
- 28 Essential
- 31 The elder (abbr.)
- 32 The highest point
- 34 A player who recently passed away
- 36 The hero of "Eskimo"
- 39 A card game
- 40 He will appear soon as "Harold Teen"
- 41 An affirmative
- 43 Untruth
- 44 Harold Lloyd chose her for the feminine lead in "Catspaw"
- 46 Endeavor
- 47 Safety device on an automobile
- 49 The most retiring of all screen stars
- 51 A province of British India
- 52 The pair
- 53 Assistance
- 54 One of Hollywood's famous families
- 58 He is great as Pancho Villa
- 62 Upon
- 63 Either
- 64 Musical drama
- 65 Birthplace of Abraham
- 66 British title (abbr.)
- 67 Plunder
- 69 An animal greatly indebted to Walt Disney for its popularity
- 70 A sacred image
- 72 He's appearing with Janet Gaynor again
- 74 Molten volcanic matter
- 75 She was Claire in "The Deluge"
- 76 The lovely star of "Riptide"

DOWN

- 1 The "Long Lost Father"
- 2 Pronoun (Bib.)
- 3 The doctor in "Men in White"
- 4 A look indicative of malice
- 5 Measure of area (abbr.)
- 6 Our own country (initials)
- 7 Type measures
- 8 The greatest American inventor (initials)
- 9 Ancient city famous for its wooden horse
- 10 Mohammedan princes
- 11 Indefinite article
- 12 She was Norma in "Massacre"
- 14 To resemble
- 16 The apprehension of danger

- 18 The talkative bus passenger in "It Happened One Night"
- 21 She appeared in "Melody in Spring"
- 23 Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld
- 25 Egg-shaped
- 26 Recreation
- 29 Exists
- 30 Morning
- 32 Charitable aid
- 33 Two brothers help to make this name famous
- 34 He was last seen in "Registered Nurse"
- 35 Any luminous cloud-like object in the sky
- 37 A Peruvian mammal
- 38 Spiritual
- 40 One of our most distinguished English actors
- 42 Exceeding what is required
- 45 An M-G-M player (initials)
- 48 She is now making pictures in England (initials)
- 50 A low cushioned seat
- 51 Laments
- 54 With McLaglen in "The Lost Patrol"
- 55 A masculine personal name
- 56 Negative
- 57 He gives an excellent performance in "Viva Villa"
- 59 His first picture was "Melody in Spring" (initials)
- 60 With Diana Wynyard in "Where Sinners Meet"
- 61 The genial Irish policeman in the "Our Gang" comedies
- 68 A South American serpent
- 69 Equality
- 71 A vamp in the silent days (initials)
- 72 A title of rank (abbr.)
- 73 The star of "I Am Suzanne" (initials)
- 74 A southern state (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





Thousands of Girls menaced by COSMETIC SKIN adopt Hollywood's Beauty Method

You can use all the Rouge and Powder you wish, yet
guard against ugly COSMETIC SKIN this modern way . . .

"CAN my pores be growing large? And horrors! Is that a *blackhead!*" Suddenly some unhappy girl discovers her skin is growing coarse, unlovely—she is being robbed of beauty!

She may not realize it, but she has COSMETIC SKIN—a modern complexion trouble easy to guard against.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

Many women who *think* they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores. When this happens, the pores become clogged, distended. Soon the warning signals of COSMETIC SKIN appear.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Precious Elements

Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. The Hollywood stars have used this soap for years!



"Of course I use cosmetics, but thanks to LUX Toilet Soap I never worry about Cosmetic Skin"—

GINGER ROGERS
RKO RADIO STAR OF "GAY DIVORCE"



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Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



TEST YOUR NERVES..

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SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES